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THE DOLPHIN.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1904.

NO. I.

YULE-TIDE AS ONCE IT WAS.

(Concluded.)

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

AFTER Matins and Lauds the customary three Masses were said at proper intervals ; namely, the Midnight Mass, the Shepherds' Mass, and the Mass at Sunrise. In both church and home the Christmas carols were sung by all assembled. Plain and simple though they may be, they possess an air of frankness and piety very much in contrast with the oftentimes stilted and literary hymns which have supplanted them. There is a wide breach between modern and mediæval hymnology, nor can the student of both fail to discern the great superiority of the latter, not to speak of the very classic and ostentatious pieces of recent date. Many are the carols of those times which have fortunately come down to us. The following, which has found its way back to at least one present-day hymn-book, may well serve as a specimen :

When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem, in that fair city,
Angels there sang with mirth and glee.

In excelsis gloria.

Herdmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
And said : God's son is born this night.

In excelsis gloria.

This King is come to save mankind,
As in the Scriptures we do find,
Therefore this song have all in mind :

In excelsis gloria.

Then do, O Lord, for thy great grace
 Graunt us the bliss to see thy face
 Where we may sing to thy solace

*In excelsis gloria.*¹

The following carol may perhaps be considered unsurpassed for tender feeling and pious reflection. It is a New Year's carol, and in consideration of the sufferings of Circumcision refers most touchingly to the passion and sufferings to come. It is in the form of a lullaby, a strain very popular in old carols.

A new year, a new year, a child is y-born,
 Us for to save, that all were forlorn,
 So blessed be the time.

The Father of Heaven his own son he sent
 His kingdom for to claim, so blessed be the time,
 So blessed be the time.

All in a clean maiden our Lord was y-light [descended],
 Us for to save with all his might,
 So blessed be the time.

All of a clean maiden our Lord was y-born,
 Us for to save that we were forlorn,
 So blessed be the time.

Lullay, lullay little child, mine own dear food,
 How shalt thou suffering be nailed to the Rood,
 So blessed be the time.

Lullay, lullay little child, mine own dear smart,
 How shalt thou suffer the spear to thy heart.
 So blessed be the time.

Thus the carol continues for many stanzas more, ending with the words:

Blessed be the Mother, the Child also,
 With *Benedicamus Domino*.
 So blessed be the time.

¹ Percy Society, vol. iv., *Early English Poetry*.

Thus did England resound with prayer and carol for generations, till the upheaval of bawdy rulers robbed the nation of its Faith, leaving wreck and ruin after them. In another carol the feast days after Christmas are thus enumerated. The old spelling is retained for the sake of the charm in it.

Wolcum yol, thu merry man, in worchepe of this holy day,
 Wolcum be thu, hevene Kyng,
 Wolcum born in on morwenyng [one morning],
 Wolcum for [w]hom we all [shall] syng,
 Wolcum yol, etc.

Wolcum be ye Stefne and Jon,
 Wolcum, Innocentes everyon,
 Wolcum Thomas, martyr on,
 Wolum yol, etc.

Wolcum be ye good neue yere,
 Wolcum twelthe day, both in fere [both together],
 Wolcum seyntes [saints], lef and dere,
 Wolcum yol, etc.

Wolcum be ye Candylmesse,
 Wolcum be ye, qwyn [queen] of bliss.
 Wolcum both to more and lesse
 Wolcum yol, etc.

Wolcum be ye that arn [are] here,
 Wolcum alle and make good cheer,
 Wolcum alle another yere.
 Wolcum yol, etc.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On the feast of St. Stephen horses were bled. The holidays being at hand and work ceasing for a number of days, the horses were now subjected to this antique cure. The boys enjoyed themselves by killing wrens and carrying them about in furze-bushes from house to house, asking for presents in these words:

The wren, the wren, the king of the birds,
 St. Stephen's day was killed in the furze;
 Although he be little his honor is great,
 And so, good people, give us a treat.

Far more interesting and significant was the custom on the following day of drinking the love of St. John. After None, that is at noon, the abbot, in the presence of the entire community gathered in the refectory, blessed a flask of wine. The members of the fraternity approached one by one, and on bended knee each took a sip of the blest wine from a goblet in the hands of the abbot. As they did so he pronounced a benediction over each one, saying: "*Bibe amorem Sancti Johannis*—Drink the love of St. John." He was the apostle of charity, ever inculcating this virtue by word and example. The custom is still observed in many religious communities. It owes its origin probably to an incident narrated in the life of St. John. His enemies one day offered him a cup of poisoned wine. According to his custom he blessed the cup of wine before setting it to his lips, and as he did so, a snake issued forth from it. Hence he is often represented in art as holding in the left hand a goblet, whence a snake is seen coiling forth, while the right hand is extended in the act of blessing.

The third great holiday after Christmas was the feast of Holy Innocents, known of old as Childermas. Throughout Christendom this was, and still is in some countries, the great holiday of children. On this day the ceremonies of the boy-bishop were repeated. In Rome the children still hold forth on this day in the church of Ara Coeli. Crowds flock to hear these little preachers, whose recitals are extremely popular with all classes. In many places the custom still exists, and is gradually reviving in this country, of solemnly blessing the little children, "from two years and under." At an appointed hour they are brought to church, and a priest, robed in surplice and stole, reads a special blessing over them. It is needless to say that mothers find great delight and joy in this recognition on the part of the Church, nor does it fail to impress them with a greater sense of duty toward the little innocents entrusted to them by their Father in Heaven.

After Childermas occurred the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a day of great joy to Catholic hearts in England in days when its champions in the Faith were the admiration of all Christendom, and of none more than of Englishmen themselves. New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were likewise red-letter days, being kept with special observances; they are, however, suffi-

ciently known without being here described. It is the Twelfth-Day and its peculiar customs which demand a more special consideration.

TWELFTH-DAY.

On Twelfth-Day Christmastide reached its climax. Christmastide, it will be remembered, lasted twelve days, ending on January 6th, known also as Old Christmas, or the Epiphany. Throughout both Eastern and Western Christendom it is a feast of extraordinary solemnity. In fact, in the Orient it antedated and eclipsed the observance of Christmas, and naturally so; for, did not the Wise Men come from the Orient? In Latin countries this feast formed, so to say, an echo of Christmas. In Provence the little children go forth on Twelfth-Night Eve to meet the Wise Men, and upon returning to the village they find the royal visitors already standing at the crib. Of course, the royal visitors came by another road. In Porto Rico the little ones place boxes of hay on the window-sill for the camels and horses, and on the next morning, to their great glee, the children find the hay replaced with "presents which were brought from the Orient."

The disports of Twelfth-Night open with the choosing of a king and queen. Within the spacious halls the guests assembled. A large cake was brought in. It was strongly spiced, in honor of the spiceries offered by the Three Kings. It also contained a gold coin; the poorer folks substituted a bean. Now the cake was cut into as many pieces as there were guests assembled, plus five. Each of the guests took a slice, but only after five slices had been set aside—one for Our Lady, and one for her Child, and three for the Wise Men—which slices were subsequently distributed among the very poor. Whosoever obtained the piece containing the gold coin was the lucky one, and was entitled to royal honors together with the privilege of choosing a partner from those assembled. Thus were the king and queen of Twelfth-Night chosen by lot. The remaining gentlemen present drew from a bowl little cards containing the names of various royal offices, to which they were then entitled. The women folk attended upon the queen in various capacities. All were now clad in robes becoming their dignity. The king was crowned and

seated on a throne. He was raised up, throne and all, amid great acclamation, to mark with chalk three crosses on the ceiling. The more dignified contented themselves with marking three crosses on the inner side of the door. These crosses were left untouched until they wore away. At other times the names of the three Magi were written on the door; in fact, the three crosses stood for these names. The ritual contains a blessing of the chalk used for this purpose, and the Church in this blessing² invokes a special benediction upon the houses of those who bear written upon the doors the names of the saints Jasper, Melchior, and Baltasar.

The grandeur and wealth displayed on this occasion in the palaces of kings and nobles were marvellous indeed, and truly suggestive of Oriental pomp and splendor. The poorer folk substituted tinsel, which doubtless afforded them quite as much pleasure as the genuine costumes might have done. Mumming and morris-dances enlivened the evening, or the Miracle Play of the Three Kings was presented. A quotation from the York plays may give some idea of the simplicity and religious feeling pervading those old-time plays.

SCENE III. *Nota*—The Herod passeth, and the III Kings cometh again to make their offering.

Bethlehem : a house there ; a star above.

I Rex.—Ah ! sirs, for sight what shall I say ?

Where is our sign ? I see it not.

II Rex.—No more do I, now dare I lay

In our wending some wrong is wrought.

III Rex.—Unto that Prince I rede [counsel] we pray

That till us sent his sign unsought,

That he show us in ready way

So friendly that we find him mought.

I Rex.—Ah ! sirs, I see it stand

Above where he is born.

Lo ! here is the house at hand,

We have not mist the morn.

² *Benedicat Domine Deus, creaturam istam cretae ; ut sit salutaris humano generi ; et praesta per invocationem nominis tui sanctissimi, ut quicumque ex ea sumpserit, vel in ea in domus suae postis scripserint nomina sanctorum tuorum Gaspari, Melchioris et Baltasar, per eorum intercessionem et merita, corporis sanitatem et animae tutelam percipiant. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen. — Aspergatur aqua benedicta.*

STAR-SINGING.

Thus with social pomp and splendor did the folks in olden time celebrate the feasts of the Church. Among great and low, the self-same spirit prevailed. While with plenty the bowers and halls of the gentry abounded, the humbler folk made bold to share of the good things. Some may sneer at the beggary, as they would term it, thus prevailing. It must be borne in mind that almshouses and poorhouses exist to-day, houses whose very name make the most abandoned pauper shudder. Of old, almsgiving took the place of almshouses. Provided they were but helped along a little, the needy would never exchange their hut or hovel, be it ever so humble, for the most pretentious poorhouse. Thus it happens that not a feast passed by but the poor profited by it. With song and rhyme they would approach their benefactors, and never in vain. It was seen how, at Christmastide, hospitality and generosity ruled the day. Again, on Twelfth Night the poor knocked at the door. It was not considered a crime. In fact, the deep religious feeling of those times, broadened by the brotherhood of a common Faith, fostered true charity. The needy were not stigmatized. Charity reigned.

Now, what was that noise outdoors, as of singing and minstrelsy? It draws nearer and nearer. Doors and windows are opened, and behold! amid the glare of torches and din of horn and drum the native Magi draw near. Three youths, dressed in royal garments, and crowned with gold-paper crowns are there—the three kings, “Melchiar, Jasper, and Baltysar,” the last mentioned well blackened for the occasion. Their retinue consists of all the gamins and urchins of the town. The herald of the kings bears aloft on a staff a golden star, probably to guide the star and its followers right. Arrived at the hall of their patron, they sing one of the star-songs clear to the finish, expecting something in return—a pot of ale, or some plum-pudding, or both, or perhaps

“An apple, a plum, a pear, or a cherry,
Anything to make us merry.”

One of the old star-songs is here inserted:

Chorus: We come walking with our staves,
Wreathed with laurel;

We seek the Lord Jesus and would wish
To put laurel on his knee.

We did come before Herod's door,
Herod, the king, came himself before.

Herod he spake with a false man's heart :
Why is the youngest of three so swart ?

Although he is swart he is well bekown,
In Orient-land he hath a home.

We all come over the lofty hill
And then we saw the Star stand still.

O Star, you must not stand still so,
But must with us to Bethlehem go.

To Bethlehem, the lovely town,
Where Mary and the Child sit down.³

TWELFTH-DAY AT CHURCH.

It is needless to say that this festival was magnificently observed in the churches; for it was the age when the splendor of the ceremonial reached its highest point, nor has it ever since been so much as rivalled. One feature, however, of the service deserves special consideration, namely, what would now be termed congregational singing. The old hymns, in their antique spelling and often obsolete words and phrases, are a touching monument of those times. It is painful to think how the multitudes, pouring forth their heart in religious song, have, together with all their glorious demonstrations of Faith, passed away. The loud song at church service has been replaced by a disinterested silence, perhaps forever; for the sporadic efforts to restore congregational singing to its former place, proving more or less futile for want of union, seem to point that way. Like the ruins of abbeys and churches, the old carols are full of the deepest interest, and in their rude, sometimes unintelligible form, possess a charm felt only by those who take the pains to decipher them and understand them. The following is a portion of a beautiful carol beginning

³ Sandy's *Christmastide*, p. 117.

with the words: "Out of the blossom sprang a thorn." The seventh stanza continues:

The star led them a right way
To the Child there he lay,
He help us all both night and day,
That born was of Marie.

Baltysar was the first king ;
He brought gold to his offering,
For to present that rich king
That born was of Marie.

Melchior was the second king ;
He brought incense to his offering,
For to present that rich king
That born was of Marie.

Jasper was the third king ;
He brought myrrh to his offering
As clerics read in their sequence
In " Epifanye."

Kneel we down him before,
And pray we him that now is born
And let us never be forlorn,
That born was of Marie.

OTHER HOLIDAYS.

After Twelfth Day followed a series of holidays in quick succession until the glad season approached Lent, closing with Candlemas. The first of these is Distaff Day, the day after Epiphany, so-called because the distaff, which had been laid aside and severely let alone during Christmastide, was again taken into hand. An old rhyme thus mentions it:

Distaff day, distaff day,
Half work and half play.

It was also known as " St. Distaff Day." The women folk who were too eager to resume the distaff were discouraged by the less gentle sex, some of whom used the efficient means of throwing

water on them. Commonly a small toy-distaff was placed on the table at noon, in order to call to mind the fact that the holidays were over, and that all must set to serious work again.

Yule is come and Yule is gone,
And we have feasted well ;
So Jack must to his flail again
And Jenny to her wheel.

But Jack did not go to his flail until Plough-Monday, which is the Monday after the sixth of January. Instead, however, of going to work, the young men amused themselves with drawing a bedecked plough through the streets of the town, making merry and singing songs, and, with catchy rhymes, soliciting "goodies," apples, or pears,—

One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all.

The money collected on this occasion was devoted to keeping lights burning on the altars of the village church, whence the name "plough-light." It was not at all a work-a-day world. Folks did not live to work, but worked to live, and withal they fared well and lived long. Happy were they not to know "the white slavery of the nineteenth century," the hum and whirl of the machine, the woful fate of progress and prosperity. Only gradually was work resumed, and then repeatedly laid aside, for holidays kept on coming all the year round.

TERMS.

Schools and colleges opened again on the octave of Epiphany, January 14th, the feast of St. Hilary, hence the name "Hilary term." Christmas naturally divides the school year into two halves, which are known nowadays by the prosaic name of first and second half, or first and second semester. In olden times they were known as Michaelmas-term and Hilary-term, thus consecrating school work to angels and saints. The former began in September and closed with the feast of St. Thomas, three days before Christmas, for the short vacation. The summer vacation beginning on Midsummer day, June 24th, was known as the long vacation.

MORE HOLIDAYS.

Still there are left two more holidays, namely, Old Twelfth Day and St. Paul's Conversion. Old Twelfth Day occurred on January 18th, twelve days after the Epiphany. Many of the tides or holiday seasons of old lasted twelve days, during which interval the peculiar observances were continued. On Old Twelfth Day the disports of the Three Kings and their celebration came to an end. It may be also that on this day was observed the departure of the Three Kings to their own country. The feast of St. Paul's Conversion, January 25th, was preëminently a day of weather forecast. An old weather-rhyme puts it thus :

“ If St. Paul be fair and clear
Then betides a happy year.
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Dear will be all sorts of grain.”

This is not as precise as the one given for Candlemas :

“ Si sol splendescat Maria purificante
Major erit glacies post festum quam ante.”

Or :

“ The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier
As that Candlemas day should be pleasant and clear.”

A little hard indeed on the farmer's wife. The reason, however, is evident from the following :

As far as the sun shines into the cottage on Candlemas day
So far will the snow blow in afore old May.

Hence it was said :

“ If Candlemas day be fine and clear,
There will be two winters in one year ;
But if Candlemas day brings clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.”

The old farmers were sure that :

When the wind's in the east on Candlemas day,
There it will stick till the second of May.

The latter is the feast of St. Chad, the apostle of Middle England. There was no doubt about the fact that :

At Candlemas day a good goose should lay,
But at St. Chad both good and bad.

Or :

Candlemas day the good housewife's goose lay ;
Valentine's day (Feb. 14) yours and mine may.

CLOSE OF THE WINTER HOLIDAYS.

Candlemas Day was the husbandman's landmark. It was also the end of the winter festive season begun on Hallowe'en. The reign of the Lord of Misrule came to an end on the morrow. For the last time he was called upon to amuse others. The Yule-log was kindled again. The stout old birchwood log had to hold out a long while. The poor boys and girls in the little cottage were just as jolly throwing birch sticks into the fire and "making Christmas over again." The crib in the church was gone, for the Holy Family had left Bethlehem for Jerusalem. The holly and ivy and all greens were removed for the day, and the walls were decorated with box. Herrick sings :

Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the misletoe ;
Instead of holly now upraise
The greener box for show.

At Eastertide the "box" was replaced with yew, and at Whitsuntide birch was in order.⁴

On Candlemas, candles were "hallowed." "When the hallowing of candles is done," says an old rubricist, "let the candles be lighted and distributed." This feast was one of the seven great feasts of our Blessed Lady, which were marked on the clog-almanacs with a heart, as a token of the love which pervaded all hearts for the Mother of God, a love still to be found in the old-time songs. With one of these our present contribution to the folklore on Christmastide may fittingly close. Our Lady is called a rose—*Rosa mystica* :

⁴ Brand : *Ib.*, p. 25.

Of a rose, a lovely rose,
Of a rose is all mine song.

Listen, Lords, both eld and ying [young],
How this rose began to spring,
Such a rose to my liking
In all this world, nay, know I none.

The angel came from Heaven's tower
To greet Mary with great honour,
And said that she should bear the flower
That should break the fiend's bond.

The flower sprang in hig Bedlem
That is both bright and sheen [fair],
The rose is Mary, Heaven's queen,
Out of her bosom the blossom sprang.

The first branch is full of might,
That sprang on "Crystemesse nyht,"
The star shone over Bedlem bright,
That is both broad and long.

The second branch sprang to hell,
The fiend's power down to fell,
Therein might none soul dwell,
Blessed be the time the rose sprung.

The third branch is good and swote [sweet],
It sprang to Heaven crop and root,
Therein to dwellen be our boot ;
Every day it shows in priest's hand.

Pray we to her with great honour,
She that bore the blessed flower,
She be our help and our succour,
And shield us from the fiend's bond.

NOTE.—The references made in the foregoing article are to be found in Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*; Northall, *English Folk Rhyme*; Dyer, *British Popular Customs*; Hone, *Every Day Book*; Sandys, *Christmastide*; Percy Society and Early English Text Society Publications.

PHILOSOPHY IN POETRY.

NO, gentle reader, not the philosophy of poetry nor the poetry of philosophy, though both are enticing themes. Just the philosophy *in* poetry. And what an embarrassment of overflowing wealth is there not here! From the nebulous times when the Indian *Rishis* hymned in the Vedic Mantras of the origin of things, to the golden light in which Lucretius sang *de Rerum Natura* to the cultured Romans; from the world-trilogy of Dante to the moral and social theorizing of the *Faery Queen*; from the didactic verse of the *Essay on Man* to the uncertain life-philosophy of the *In Memoriam*, what an outpouring has there not been of philosophy in poetry! But, of none of these now. Simply with old John Davies and his almost forgotten *Nosce Teipsum* are the present pages concerned—with that quaintly learned yet withal beautiful poem in which the psychology of the Schools, the venerable philosophy of mind, that had been a child with Father Aristotle, nurtured with Augustine, and matured with Aquinas, is seen to run and leap with youthful vigor on the green of English verse.

Will the writer presume overmuch if he take it for probable at least that the readers of these pages know just nothing at all of *Nosce Teipsum*? So was it also with himself when a few years ago coming across a quotation from the poem he became curious and visited a large public library to look it up. There he was told by a well known bibliophile that *Nosce Teipsum* was long out of print and the book marts, and was only to be found in rare private collections, to one of which the inquirer was then and there directed. This bit of information was afterwards found to be incorrect, since the writer subsequently discovered a reprint of the work in Grosart's *Early English Poets*.¹

Yet even with this modern edition, the poem has not, it appears, become widely known. Seldom, if ever, is it alluded to in the literature of philosophy. Of all the best known histories of philosophy only one makes mention of it, and though, as will be shown later on, certain literary critics of a past generation take

¹ *The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies*; edited with Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. Two volumes. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1876.

some account of it, the poem itself seems still left to slumber in almost total oblivion. Fortunately this will probably be no longer the case, since it is now at easy reach in the very readable and scholarly edition that has just been made by Professor Sneath.² Here, besides a biographical sketch of the author, are given a general estimate and analysis of the poem, a study of its sources and the text in full. May it not be hoped that the following observations on the poet and the poem will stimulate some readers to a personal study of Professor Sneath's interpretation?

Sir John Davies, lawyer, statesman, poet, and poet-philosopher, was born in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England, in 1569. "His father dyed when he was very young, and left him with his 2 brothers to his mother to bee educated. She therefore brought them vpp all to learning." The Carte MS. Notes, however, go on to state that John "being designed for a lawyer, neglected his learning, butt being first a scholar in Winchester College, was afterwards removed to New College, Oxford. Here having taken a degree in arts, he was removed to the Middle Temple wherein applying himself to the study of the common-law, tho' he had no great geny to it, was in fine made a barrister (July 1595)." The law, however, did not apparently dry up in him the overflowing fountains of poesy, any more than it checked his fondness for the frivolities and gaities of the University and Inns of Court society. In 1593 his "Orchestra or a Poeme of Dauncing" was licensed to John Harrison, although it seems not to have been published before 1596. "It was dedicated to Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London, the poet's friend and 'better halfe'—a youth who was fast of tongue and ribald of wit with a dash of provocative sarcasm, which he seems to have let loose on his 'dearest friend.' If so, he was ignobly punished. For against all 'good manners,' not to speak of the 'law' and discipline of the Court, Master Davies came into the Hall with his hat on, armed with a dagger, and attended by two persons with swords. Master Martin was seated at dinner at the Barristers' Table. Davies pulling a bastinado or cudgel from under his gown, went

² *Philosophy in Poetry*. A Study of Sir John Davies' "Nosce Teipsum" by E. Heisley Sneath, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. New York: Scribner's, 1903.

up to his insulter and struck him repeatedly over the head. The chastisement must have been given with a will; for the bastinado was shivered to pieces—arguing either its softness or the head's asinine thickness. Having avenged himself, Davies returned to the bottom of the Hall, drew one of the swords belonging to his attendants, and flourished it repeatedly over his head, turning his face toward Martin, and then hurrying down the water-steps of the Temple, threw himself into a boat. This extraordinary occurrence happened at the close of 1597 or January of 1598."

In 1595 he had been called to the Bar; but in February, 1598, Davies was expelled by a unanimous sentence; disbarred and deprived for ever of all authority to speak or consult in law. John had evidently paid dearly for his "high jinks." But the dark cloud that fell across the noon of the full and hot-blooded young barister folded in it, as Grosart observes, a bright light. Without his misfortune the world had missed the fortune of a priceless treasure. Expelled and "disbarred" he retired to Oxford and there, to relieve the strain of severe studies, he leisurely wrote his immortal poem. The circumstances are thus related in the Carte Notes: "Vpon a quarrell between him and Mr. Martin before ye Judges, where he strooke Mr. Martin hee was confined and made a prisoner: after wch in discontentment he retires to ye cuntrye, and writt yt excellent poem of his *Nosce Teipsum*, wch was so well aprooved of by the Lord Mountjoy after Lord Deputy of Ireland and Earle of Devonshire, that by his aduise he publisht it and dedicated it to Queen Elizabeth, to whom hee presented it, being introduced by ye aforesaide Lord his patron, and ye first essay of his pen was so well relisht yt ye Queen encouraged him in his studdys, promising him preferment, and had him sworn her servant in ordinary."

The retirement at Oxford was a season of introspection and repentance. A reflection of this may be seen in the opening portion of the poem:

Yet if *Affliction* once her warres begin,
 And threat the feebler *Sense* with sword and fire;
 The *Minde* contracts her selfe and shrinketh in,
 And to her selfe she gladly doth retire:

As *Spiders* toucht, seek their webs inmost part ;
 As *bees* in storms vnto their hiues returne ;
 As bloud in danger gathers to the heart ;
 As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If ought can teach vs ought, *Afflictions* lookes,
 (Making vs looke into our selues so neere,)
 Teach vs to *know our selues* beyond all bookes,
 Of all the learned Schooles that euer were.

This *mistresse* lately pluckt me by the eare,
 And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
 Hath made my *Senses* quicke, and Reason cleare,
 Reform'd my Will and rectifide my Thought.

So do the *winds* and *thunders* cleanse the ayre ;
 So working lees settle and purge the wine ;
 So lop't and pruned trees doe flourish faire ;
 So doth the fire the drossie gold refine.

Neither *Minerua* nor the learnèd Muse,
 Nor rules of *Art*, nor *precepts* of the wise ;
 Could in my braine those beames of skill infuse,
 As but the glance of this *Dame's* angry eyes.

She within *lists*³ my ranging minds hath brought,
 That now beyond my selfe I list not goe ;
 My selfe am *center* of my circling thought,
 Onely *my selfe* I studie, learne, and know.

The subsequent facts of Davies' life do not fall within the limits of the present paper to recount. Suffice it to say that the *Nosce Teipsum* brought him renown and royal graciousness both from Elizabeth and James. He was reconciled to his friend Martin, readmitted to the Bar and entrusted with various governmental positions, notably that of Attorney-General for Ireland. Appointed by King James to the Chief Justiceship, he died just before the time for entering upon the office, December 8, 1626. The following inscription, translated by Grosart from the original Latin, marked his resting-place in St. Martin's, London.

³ Bounds.

To God the Best and Greatest : Sacred.

John Davys of knightly rank, having formerly discharged with prudence the highest duties of King's Attorney General in the realm of Ireland : thence having been recalled to his own country, secured the first place among the servants of his lord the King, at the Law. After various services nobly rendered in each office, being now nominated to more distinguished (appointments) he suddenly frustrated the hope of his friends but fulfilled his own—being called away from human honours to celestial glory, in the year of his age 57.

A man for accomplished genius, for uncommon eloquence, for language whether free or bound in verse, most happy.

Judicial sternness with elegance of manners and more pleasant learning he tempered.

An uncorrupt Judge, a faithful Patron For love of free-born piety and contempt of fretting superstition alike remarkable.

He looked down from on high on the obstinate narrowness of plebeian souls in the matter of religion, pity softening his disdain.

Himself magnanimously just, religious, free, and moved by heaven,

Had for wife the Lady Eleanor of the Right Honble.

Earl of Castlehaven, Baron Audley, daughter :

His only surviving offspring by her he left as heiress,

Lucy, to the most illustrious Ferdinand Baron

Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, married.

He spent his last day the 8th December

In the year of our Lord 1626.

With us leaving an example : here for the resurrection of the Just, he waits.

Besides his prose works Davies left a considerable number of poems, but the *Nosce Teipsum* is by far the most remarkable, the one on which his reputation as a poet and a philosopher unshakably rests.

Both Grosart and Sneath have accumulated the testimonies of competent authorities on the merits of this work. A few taken from the former author and repeated by the latter may here be cited.

Hallam's critical though somewhat faulty estimate deserves first attention :

"A more remarkable poem⁴ is that of Sir John Davies, afterwards Chief Justice of Ireland,⁵ entitled, 'Nosce Teipsum,' published in 1599, usually, though rather inaccurately, called 'On the Immortality of the Soul.' Perhaps no language can produce a poem, extending to so great a length, of more condensation of thought, or in which fewer languid verses will be found. Yet, according to some definitions (of poetry) the 'Nosce Teipsum' is wholly unpoetical, inasmuch as it shows no passion⁶ and little fancy.⁷ If it reaches the heart at all, it is through the reason. But since strong argument in terse and correct style fails not to give us pleasure in prose, it seems strange that it should lose its effect when it gains the aid of regular metre to gratify the ear and assist the memory. Lines there are in Davies which far outweigh much of the descriptive and imaginative poetry of the last two centuries, whether we estimate them by the pleasure they impart to us, or by the intellectual vigor they display. Experience has shown that the faculties familiarly deemed poetical are frequently exhibited in a degree, but very few have been able to preserve a perspicuous beauty without stiffness or pedantry (allowance made for the subject and the times), in metaphysical reasoning, so successfully as Sir John Davies."

Grosart takes just exception to the imputed want of "passion." The attentive reader, he claims, will find abundant evidences of this element in so far as such is in keeping with the character of the poem. The alleged little fancy is hardly an indication of the critic's attentiveness, for, as Grosart remarks, *Nosce Teipsum* is radiant as the dew-bedabbled grass with delicacies of fancy, not a few of the fancies being "as exquisitely touched as divine work."

Campbell in his *Essay on English Poetry*, accepting from Johnson as Johnson from Dryden the name of "metaphysical poets," observes :—

"The term of metaphysical poetry would apply with much more justice to the quatrains of Sir John Davies and those of Sir Fulke Greville, writers who, at a later period, found imitators in Sir Thomas Overbury and Sir William Davenant. Davies's poem on the Immor-

⁴ Than Drayton's and Daniel's.

⁵ A mistake.

⁶ A greater blunder still.

⁷ A third mistake.

tality of the Soul, entitled '*Nosce Teipsum*,' will convey a much more favorable idea of metaphysical poetry than the wittiest effusions of Donne and his followers. Davies carried abstract reasoning into verse with an acuteness and felicity which have seldom been equalled. He reasons undoubtedly with too much labor, formality, and subtlety, to afford uniform poetical pleasure. The generality of his stanzas exhibit hard arguments interwoven with the pliant materials of fancy so closely, that we may compare them to a texture of cloth and metallic threads, which is cold and stiff, while it is splendidly curious. There is this difference, however, between Davies and the commonly styled metaphysical poets, that *he* argues like a hard thinker, and *they*, for the most part, like madmen. If we conquer the drier parts of Davies' poem, and bestow a little attention on thoughts which were meant, not to gratify the indolence, but to challenge the activity of the mind, we shall find in the entire essay fresh beauties at every perusal; for in the happier parts we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poems seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction."

Concerning this criticism Grosart observes:—

"The 'coldness' of 'cloth and metallic threads' which the critic applies to the 'hard arguments' of *Nosce Teipsum* is a mere imagination. But besides, the 'metallic threads' are not for warmth but for splendor. The lining of the 'splendidly curious' garment is to be looked for for warmth. Similarly the 'hard arguments' would have been as unpoetical as unphilosophical, had they been 'warm' with the warmth of the 'clothing' in similes and fancies. The 'hardness' is where it ought to be—in the thinking; but it is a hardness like the bough that is green with leafage and radiant with bloom and odorous with 'sweet scent' and pliant to every lightest touch of the breeze. The leaf and bloom start from the 'hard' bough rightly, fittingly 'hard' to its utmost twig. The alleged 'too much labor' is singularly uncharacteristic. As for the 'madness,' I can but exclaim—Oh for more of such 'fine lunacy' as in Donne is condemned! His and compeers' 'madness' is worth cartloads of most men's sanity."

Of the many other authoritative judgments that might easily be here multiplied the following from George Macdonald's *Eng-*

land's Antiphon, must suffice. Having explained that by "Immortality of the Soul" is intended "the spiritual nature of the soul, resulting in continuity of existence," he proceeds:

"It⁸ is a wonderful instance of what can be done for metaphysics in verse, and by means of imaginative or poetic embodiment generally. Argumentation cannot of course naturally belong to the region of poetry, however well it may comport itself when there naturalized; and consequently, although there are most poetic no less than profound passages in the treatise, a light scruple arises whether its constituent matter can properly be called poetry. At all events, however, certain of the most prosaic measures and stanzas lend themselves readily, and with much favor, to some of the more complex of logical necessities. And it must be remembered that in human speech, as in the human mind, there are no absolute divisions; power shades off into feeling; and the driest logic may find the heroic couplet render it good service."

Commenting on this, Grosart goes on to say that —

"The 'scruple' must be 'light' indeed that has to decide whether the 'reasoning' of '*Nosce Teipsum*' be or be not 'poetry.' It is astounding that at this time o' day any should attempt to exclude the highest region of the intellect and its noblest occupation from poetry. Poetry I must hold absolutely is poetry, whatever be its matter and form if the thinking be glorified by imagination or tremulous with emotion. It is sheer folly to refuse to the Poet any material within the compass of the universe. Especially deplorable is it to have to argue for possibilities of poetry in the greatest of all thinking, viz., metaphysics, in the face of such actualities of achievement as in Davies and Lord Brook and Donne."

This brings us to an appreciation of the philosophical value of the poem. As Professor Sneath appositely remarks, the poetic mind may seize philosophical truth either intuitively, by immediate insight, or discursively, by the slower processes of analysis, generalization, and inference. Usually it proceeds synthetically rather than analytically, intuiting, so to say, the one in the many, the unity that lies beneath the manifold variety.

Some poets there are, however, that seek for the real and the

⁸ *Nosce Teipsum*.

true by the toilsome processes of analysis and reasoning, and having reached their conclusions, embody them in verse. Although Davies had in high degree the poet's intuitive insight, the *Nosce Teipsum* reveals more of the patient philosophical procedure, whose results he humanized with the warmth of emotion and glorified with the splendor of imaginal coloring. The poem is remarkable not less for its profound and condensed thought than for the perfection of its workmanship, a quality that is the more striking in view of the difficult stanza into which the poem is wrought.

It may seem strange, that so excellent a work should have almost completely dropped beyond the horizon of the modern reading world. Yet when we consider the chasm that was flung by the sixteenth century Revolution across the world of ideas—philosophical no less than religious and political—the disappearance of *Nosce Teipsum* becomes intelligible. The breach between the older and the newer philosophy was deep and broad. Davies stands at the brink. He sets forth, as Professor Morris observes,⁹ "a thoroughly spiritualistic psychology and develops numerous considerations tending to establish the doctrine of the soul's immortality, all founded on the best philosophy the world had produced and pervaded by an obvious breath of sincere and independent conviction." . . . The poem may stand as a document to prove what was the thoughtful faith of the best type of English gentlemen in his day.

Davies was not, of course, a Catholic, nor is every statement in his poem in perfect accord with Catholic faith, but his mind had been formed by the teachings of Catholic philosophy, and its best production is throughout Catholic. As alien systems of thought multiplied from the sixteenth century onwards, that philosophy was gradually laid aside. It found its sole refuge within the official schools of the Church, and works treating of scholasticism, general or technical, whether written in prose or in poetry, ceased to have any interest for the outside world; so that *Nosce Teipsum* shared the fate of the system it embodies.

Readers of the preceding number of THE DOLPHIN had their attention called to an eminent Harvard professor's tribute to

⁹ Cited by Sneath from *British Thought and Thinkers*, p. 67.

Catholic philosophy. It is gratifying to be able to bring to their notice here the work of a teacher in a sister university—a work that places in a favorable light the system of philosophy of which the teaching in Catholic schools at the present day is the unbroken, though developed, continuation.

Professor Sneath emphasizes especially the historical significance of *Nosce Teipsum*, and cites a former president of Yale in confirmation of this relationship. The poem, Dr. Porter says, “gives a transcript of that better scholastic doctrine of the soul which combines the teachings of both Aristotle and Plato, when purified from many extreme subtleties engrafted upon them by¹⁰ the doctors of the schools and adds the results of the dawning good sense which attended the Reformation (!) and the Revival of Classical Learning. For the history of philosophy it is of great significance, as it enables the student to understand the psychology and philosophy which were current before the introduction of the philosophies of Descartes on the one hand and of Hobbes and Locke on the other.”¹¹ The poem is indeed a faithful “transcript of the better scholastic doctrine of the soul.” What “good sense” it adds thereto had most probably dawned some time before the Reformation, and may be presumed to have been partly native to the poet—inherited very likely in large measure from sensible ancestry—and partly cultivated by the better traditions that lingered long at Oxford after England had been severed from the centre of Catholic life and teaching. Perhaps a “student” would seek elsewhere than in Davies for a knowledge of scholastic psychology—St. Thomas, Suarez, or Kleutgen, or even well known histories of philosophy like those of Turner, Stöckl, Willmann, De Wulf, Gonzalez, Vallet or others would be more likely sources of such information; nor would he go far afield if he looked into some of the countless scholastic manuals that are to be found in Latin, French, German, and even English.

Nevertheless, even the “student” will profit by an attentive perusal of *Nosce Teipsum*, for he will find there, if not new teaching on the functions, nature, and destiny of the soul, at least a new mode of presentation—a mode in which the abstract truths of

¹⁰ Some of.

¹¹ Cited by Sneath, p. 19, from *Uberweg's History of Philosophy*, vol. 2, p. 352.

reason are tinged with the bright colors of imagination and set in a becoming framework of verse.

Professor Sneath traces the sources from which Davies drew his material, to Aristotle, Cicero, Nemesius, and Calvin. The internal evidence of indebtedness to these authors is undoubtedly striking, though the extreme complexity of the environment in which the poet's mind was developed renders the tracing of the formative influences to definite teachers a very uncertain task. That Professor Sneath has quite succeeded in this undertaking everyone may not be ready to admit. But be this as it may, the student no less than the general reader who takes an interest in the highest problems of the human mind will be grateful to the author for having rescued from unmerited oblivion this master-work of philosophy in poetry, and for having enriched it with so luminous and sympathetic a commentary.

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BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER IV.—MARGUERITE.

HOW can I describe all Marguerite was to me, or express the feelings which stir my soul to its inmost recesses at the thought of that sister, who was my second mother, and who loved me to the point of sacrificing the fondest desires of her heart, even life itself, in my behalf? It is exactly thirty-eight years to-day since she departed this sad life for a better world, and yet, even after so long a time, my heart still swells and my eyes fill with tears when I think of that chosen soul, who was my guardian angel here below, and who willingly endured the most cruel martyrdom that she might bring back to the path of safety her erring brother. Ah, dearest sister, I should be the most ungrateful of men if I could ever forget your tender affection and watchful care! From the realms of glory, where you now dwell, as I confidently believe, cast a look of love and pity upon your poor brother, still toiling on in this vale of tears—upon that brother who cost you so dear in days gone by. Guide him along

the last stretch of the road which leads to heaven, even as you steadied his first faltering steps. Thanks to you, the faith which I lost by my sins during those evil years when I wandered away from God, faith has again entered my soul, lively and pure as in those days of childhood when you first planted it there. But though my way is now lighted by the heavenly lamp, alas ! I am very often unfaithful to the light, and that light when I come to be judged will be turned upon me, and will lay bare my sins. Do you, then, who are enjoying in Paradise that eternal youth which the flight of time cannot fade, support the poor old man who is approaching the end of his course ; help him to prepare by a good death for the life which has no end, as you prepared him once with such loving care for that mortal life which opened up before him full of mystery and beset with dangers.

Here I am wrought up once more by that which is now long past and gone. Let us take up the thread of my narrative.

Marguerite was entering upon her nineteenth year when we lost our parents. The prolonged ill-health of my mother which forced her while still very young to take upon herself the direction of the household, the many deaths in our family, and that last terrible storm which had just burst over our heads,—all these causes combined to mature at an early age the rare mental and moral qualities of this gifted child.

Her mind was quick and keen ; she had a fund of common sense, and exquisite delicacy and tact, and her affection and capacity for self-sacrifice were boundless. In addition to these natural good traits she had acquired the virtues which develop from solid and tender piety. She was patient and persevering, with the simple and open gayety of heart of a child and a modest grace which pervaded her whole person, and gave her an irresistible charm. Marguerite was, indeed, one of those chosen souls whom God leaves to bloom here on earth for a time, but whom He soon takes away, as if in haste to set them in the gardens of His Paradise. During her short sojourn here below, Marguerite exercised considerable influence on those about her. Undoubtedly her natural talents and advantages explain and justify to a certain degree the deep sympathy she inspired in those with whom she came in contact, but these qualities were trained upon a lively

faith, sincere piety, and indefatigable charity, which made them meritorious and efficacious.

Marguerite's faith was part of her very being. The idea of sin, even in its lightest form, filled her with horror. One day when she was talking with the Comtesse de Saint-Julien, she allowed a somewhat disparaging remark concerning a certain person to escape her. In an instant she grew quite pale.

"Good gracious, what am I saying?" she cried. "I have given you scandal. I have done very wrong."

"Do not torment yourself about it, dear," said the Countess. "At the most it is only a venial sin."

"It may be only a venial sin, Madame," said the good child, with tears in her eyes, "but it gives me mortal pain!"

A little scene which transpired on another occasion, aptly illustrates how sensitive was her love for God and for her neighbor. As a rule, Marguerite avoided appearing in company, but on this occasion she had been obliged to make an exception and accept the Countess' invitation. There were special reasons why it was impossible to refuse. It was a great day at Aulnaie, and the most distinguished society of Angers had gathered there. The guests assembled in the great drawing-room at about four o'clock for tea. The hostess was called away for a time, and, during her absence, one of the ladies present, who bore one of the great names of France, did not scruple to introduce as a topic of conversation a scandal which had been going the rounds of the town. At first she spoke in a low tone with mysterious whispered asides to those nearest to her, but unconsciously she raised her voice as the circle of listeners widened. Soon the whole company was in wrapt attention. The smile which passed from lip to lip, the questioning expression in the eyes of the curious, the glances cast this way and that for the purpose of emphasizing allusions already perfectly transparent,—all the discreet stage business of calumny encouraged the narrator, who was keenly sensible of her triumph. Some were distressed at seeing the conversation take such a trend, but not knowing what to do, they waited patiently for it to stop. Marguerite was worried to death. Her youth made it out of place for her to impose silence upon the malignant tongue which was busying itself in wounding God's honor and

her neighbors' reputation. She resolved, nevertheless, to put a stop to the scandalous proceeding, cost what it might, although she realized that she was not in conscience bound to take any steps in the matter. Just as the tale was becoming most racy, and the listeners were on the very tip-toe of expectancy and interest, she dropped the cup of tea which she held.

"O dear!" she exclaimed in a tone of distress, "my new gown is utterly ruined."

The charm was broken. Everyone gathered around her, some to console her for her mishap, others to recommend infallible recipes for removing the stain which extended all down the front of the waist. Meantime Madame de Saint-Julien reappeared, and there was no danger of a renewal of the obnoxious subject.

Marguerite soon after took her departure, and returned to Mesnil. After she left the room, old General B., quite touched, said:

"That child just now did a very brave thing. It was not awkwardness on her part which spilled the tea. I saw the whole thing. She did it on purpose, and spoiled her new dress rather than let the conversation proceed."

Every one looked at his neighbor and more than one reddened in confusion. It was a very good lesson. I have been told that the following winter the conversation at social gatherings was more reserved than it had been, but whether the improvement was lasting or not, I do not know.

The secret of my sister's strength was her sincere and enlightened piety. She had been consecrated in infancy to the Immaculate Virgin, and, as her intelligence developed, her mother instilled in her a loving devotion to the glorious privilege of Mary. When Pius IX solemnly defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Marguerite's devotion was wonderfully increased, and from that time she formed the habit of every morning consecrating to the Blessed Mother the day about to commence.

This devotion naturally led to love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which soon became the very soul and centre of her life. She once wrote to a friend: "The Son of God came upon earth to suffer and to love. In heaven He could only love, but not suffer. It is the same generous acceptance of suffering which

He longs to find in souls, especially in those whom He has favored with special graces."

Marguerite loved our Lord with all the strength of her heart, and if her cross was a very heavy one, it was because suffering is the food of love. She received Holy Communion every morning except Tuesday, when she was accustomed to go to confession. She prepared herself for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament by a half hour's meditation, which she made on her way to the church of Saint-Laurent. At night, before retiring, she also occupied her thoughts for a time with the Divine Guest she was so soon to receive.

Aunt Dumoulin, who was, as I have said, touched with Jansenism, could not understand her niece's devotion.

"Holy Communion every day!" she would often say, "Why, child, you must be a saint. Even the saints did not all do as much. We are not worthy to receive the Good Lord so often!"

"If I waited until I were worthy," replied Marguerite, smiling, "I would never go at all. I hope I am not *unworthy*, in the sense that I have not grave sin on my conscience, but I know very well that I do not merit so great a favor. I go so often, first, because my confessor advises me to, and, in the second place, because I know how much I need it. It is precisely so that I may become less unworthy of God that I must approach nearer to Him. I feel my own poverty and weakness, and so I have recourse to Him who is sovereignly rich and sovereignly powerful. If you do not have to receive Holy Communion so often, it is because you are better than I am."

The old lady was silent, because she did not know what to say in reply; but she renewed the attack from time to time. She even went so far on one occasion as to take to task her old friend the venerable pastor of Saint-Laurent, who had been Marguerite's confessor from childhood. The old man listened smiling to what she had to say.

"Is it my fault," he once said in reply, "that our Lord loves Marguerite so much, and Marguerite loves our Lord so much?"

"Pshaw!" returned my aunt. "In my time things were different. The truth of the matter is the faith is being changed. That's certain. Well! It's none of my business. I will only

have my own soul to account for, and that is quite enough, to be sure!"

When Aunt Catharine had relieved her mind in this fashion she would change the subject, and the peace of the family circle would be in no way disturbed.

Whoever loves God, loves his neighbor also, and Marguerite was the servant of anyone who might need her help. Her tastes, her pleasures, and her worldly interests were all sacrificed on the altar of charity. She loved and served the poor with a patience and devotion which nothing could weary. "There are," she wrote to Mademoiselle C., "two virtues which can never be carried to excess, and these are humility and charity. No matter how low a place we choose for ourselves, it can never be as low as we deserve. To realize this we need only contemplate for an instant the abasement of the Son of God. The same is true of charity, for since men are the sons and heirs of God, are we not accountable, in a certain sense, to them for all we owe to our Heavenly Father? Do what we will, we shall never be quit of that debt."

The good child was ever ready to help her neighbors in their bodily or spiritual necessities, and as she was very skilful in binding up wounds and nursing the sick, she was sent for not only from Saint-Laurent and the neighborhood, but often from great distances to perform these acts of charity. My aunt and Abbé Aubry hesitated for some time before they would consent to her giving herself up to a work which was so arduous for a young girl of her age, but when Marguerite got to be twenty years old, she was so mature in mind and vigorous in health, and her attraction to this form of charity was so evidently a supernatural gift, that her spiritual and temporal superiors were moved to allow her full freedom in the matter.

She freely availed herself of the permission. Three or four times a week, she started off right after Mass, armed with her little medicine chest, to visit the sick. She took with her Tom, the superb Newfoundland whose acquaintance we have already made. The brave dog played his part of protector in all seriousness. Woe betide the reckless individual who should threaten to do his mistress harm. His account would have been settled in short order. One afternoon at dusk, Marguerite was on her way home

from one of her visits, when, at a turn in the road, two unknown men attacked her and knocked her down. Not for long; however, for at her cry of terror Tom leaped upon her assailants with such fury that one of them loosed his hold of his victim, and the other ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. Marguerite soon recovered from her fright, and called off the dog. It was high time. The man was gasping for breath and almost choked to death.

Marguerite, rendering good for evil, hastily bound up the wounded man and took him with her to Mesnil. There she had him put to bed, and for three days she took care of him herself with great devotion. When he was able to leave, she gave him some money to help him on his way, and gently urged him to give up his evil ways and live an honest, Christian life. The poor fellow wept tears of gratitude and repentance. "Ah! Mademoiselle," said he, kissing her hand and wetting it with his tears, "you are God's own angel. I thought I had no heart left, but now it seems as if you had made me one."

After this adventure Marguerite scolded Tom for being so vicious. She even gave him several sound slaps on the head, a correction which he undoubtedly mistook for a caress. I can see him now, submitting resignedly to his beating, gently licking meantime the hand of his mistress while he looked up at her contentedly with his great innocent yellow eyes as if to say: "Tap away, my little Marguerite, but if it were not for me where would you be now? You need not be afraid. I am always on guard."

When the trip to be made was a long one, the peasants usually came after my sister in a wagon. They often drove ten or twelve miles. Aunt Dumoulin had once for all refused to allow Coco, our old horse, to be used for this purpose.

"I need him on the farm," said she. "Besides, it is all very well for duchesses to ride in carriages, but as for the rest of us, the Good Lord has given us legs, and He intends that we should use them."

Madame de Saint-Julien had tried to persuade Marguerite to let her give her a light wagon and a good horse.

"Obstinate child!" she wrote one day, "I shall die of anxiety if you keep up these everlasting expeditions. Suppose something

dreadful should happen? You might catch some malignant disease, or be waylaid on the highway, and then what should I do? The shock would kill me. And how about Paul? Do take care of yourself, ungrateful girl, for the sake of those who love you, and stop going about the country alone. If there is no way of keeping you from your good works, at least you might take the horse and carriage that my husband and I would be so glad to give you."

Marguerite, however, was inflexible on the point in question. Nor was it the pride of the democrat—the worst pride of all—which made her refuse to receive favors from the great lady. In taking this stand she thought only of preserving her freedom of action, and of avoiding the appearance of having interested motives. Later on we shall see how prudent and meritorious was her attitude.

In the spring of 1850, Charles and his bride came to make us a little visit on their wedding tour. He had just married the daughter of a rich manufacturer of Lyons, Monsieur Robert, by name. They spent several days at the Hutterie, which, according to previous arrangement, belonged to Charles. Lucie, for this was the name of our young sister-in-law, was a lovely character, very gentle and kind-hearted, and very pious, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of Marguerite, for whom from that time forward she cherished the tenderest affection. Her own fortune was considerable, and her father gave her all the money she wanted, so, of her own accord, she asked her husband to transfer the family property to his sister—a request which my brother was very ready to grant. Marguerite, after some hesitation, ended in accepting their proposition on my account. It was decided that she should lay aside the modest revenues of the Hutterie to defray the future expenses of my education. Charles and Lucie left us at the end of a week, promising to return before long, a prospect to which I looked forward with delight, for Lucie had loaded me with presents, and I thought, with good reason, that the source of her liberality was not likely to be exhausted. Marguerite, fortunately, put a stop to all this, otherwise Lucie would certainly have spoiled me. At the time I would, without doubt, have enjoyed it, but later I understood that a wise move had been made in setting a limit to my new sister's generosity.

"I am going to send you a present, too, before long," Lucie said to Marguerite when she bade her good-by. A few days later the present arrived in the shape of a fine English phaeton and a beautiful little horse, who could go like the wind. Marguerite received gratefully from her sister that which she did not think it advisable to accept from an outsider, and she was thenceforth able to give free rein to her charitable impulses and was also saved much fatigue and many inconveniences.

I was not less delighted than Marguerite, for Fanfan (as we called our little steed) was a handsome creature, as black as jet, very gentle, perfectly trained, with no tricks and yet full of vigor and fire. Besides, Marguerite, yielding to my entreaties, consented after a little hesitation, to my riding him, though I was then only eight years old. Lexis, the farm boy, was charged with looking after me when his duties permitted, and, moreover, my sister was somewhat reassured as to the probable falls of the horseman when she realized the small size of his mount. Thus it was that I was enabled, much to my satisfaction, to learn to ride, and to make delightful expeditions into the surrounding country, which served greatly to improve my health.

At first I used our little horse without any regard for moderation, being carried away by my love of all out-door amusements. But this did not accord at all with Marguerite's ideas. She was too gentle and tender-hearted not to be considerate of even the dumb animals. She would have had a perfect right to forbid my using Fanfan without her express permission, but she had in view not only the preservation of the horse's usefulness, but more especially the correction of a fault which, if allowed to develop in a character as ardent and passionate as mine, might easily have made me unfeeling and cruel.¹

One day Marguerite returned from a long trip with Fanfan, well tired out and covered with foam. Without regard to the exhausted condition of the poor horse, I jumped at once into the

¹ Mme. X. had acquired, justly or unjustly, the reputation of being hard on her servants, and her maid said one day to Cillette: "Is your young lady cross?" "Cross!" cried the girl indignantly. "Whoever told you such a horrible thing as that? Why, our mistress never in all her life gave any one the least trouble. She couldn't even say 'no' to a sheep!"

saddle and started off for a ride. Marguerite had gone up to her room, and saw me from the window. She came down directly and ordered Alexis to go and tell me to come back. I came tearing up the avenue at a gallop, proud of my progress in the equestrian art, and expecting to be complimented. Guitte's face, however, was very grave.

"Are you not ashamed," she said, "to make a tired animal race like that? I thought you had more feeling."

I was quite taken aback, but I was also vexed at being scolded in the presence of Lexis and Cillette, who were witnesses to the scene, and I answered in a somewhat impudent tone that Charles and Lucie had given Fanfan to me as well as to her. Marguerite shrugged her shoulders.

"You are only aggravating your fault," said she. "At first it was only thoughtlessness, but now it is pride as well. Get down," she added, sternly; and when I had obeyed, she continued: "Lexis, take the poor beast to the stable and look after him."

When the boy had taken Fanfan away, Marguerite pulled me down beside her and said, gently: "It was my duty to teach you this lesson, Paul dear, and you hurt me by taking it so badly."

But I was already choked up with tears, and putting my arms around Guitte's neck, I asked her pardon. How could I have spoken so rudely and ungratefully when I loved her so much? I was already forgiven.

"And now that you are all right again," she said, "you can understand better how wrong you were a moment ago in using the horse when he was in such a state. That is not making a proper use of creatures. The good Lord gives them to us for our necessities and also for our enjoyment, but we must make use of them in moderation, and that is not what you were doing a while ago in mounting that poor beast when he was already worn out by my long ride. It was not a sin, I know, but it was an unreasonable act; first, because you might have caused injury to ourselves by rendering the animal useless, and this would be the more serious because our means do not admit of our buying another horse so easily—and you know how useful Fanfan is to me—but there is another and a better reason. If you get into the habit of being hard and cruel to animals simply for your own amusement,

you will, little by little, increase your selfishness and your violent desire of having your own way in everything, and you will soon end in being hard and unfeeling towards human beings, too, which would be a great misfortune. I would not have used the horse so hard myself to-day, if it had not been necessary. My object was the health, perhaps even the life, of a certain person. In such a case one must remember that the beasts are made for man, and it would then be ridiculous and even reprehensible to spare them."

I learned my lesson, and my sister was under no necessity of repeating it. I have always been grateful to her for having taught me to be merciful to animals. She added example to precept, and I have known her more than once to undertake a long trip on foot, in order to spare her tired horse. But on several occasions, when her services were demanded by some one seriously ill and living at a distance, she did not hesitate to make the journey at top speed, urging poor Fanfan on relentlessly, although, as she said, "it made her heart bleed." One day when there was question of bringing the consolations of religion to a dying man whom she had just persuaded to see a priest, she started off in the phaeton at break-neck pace to fetch the pastor, who lived more than twelve miles away, and made the distance going and coming in an hour and twenty-five minutes. She had the satisfaction of arriving in time and of seeing the sick man die in peace, reconciled to his God; but she had been obliged to press her horse so hard that he dropped as if shot, when the drive was over. The tears came to poor Marguerite's eyes at the sight. "What a shame to have to strike the poor animal so!" she said, that evening. "It cost me a great deal to do it, but I hope it was pleasing in the sight of God, since it was to save a soul."

Thanks to our good care, Fanfan recovered, and at the end of a few weeks, more lively and spirited than ever, he resumed his labors, which, as a general rule, were light enough.

If an epidemic was raging in the neighborhood, my sister was not satisfied with visiting the sick three or four times a week. She worked night and day in their service, hardly taking time for her meals. My aunt at first attempted to restrain her zeal, but she ended by yielding, overcome by the sight of so much devo-

tion. In 1853, during the epidemic of typhoid fever which ravaged the town of Angers, she offered her services to the superior of the Sisters in charge of the town hospital, who was only too grateful for her assistance. For five weeks she rivalled in devotion and self-sacrifice the religious themselves, never faltering in the face of fatigue, or of the most revolting offices of the sick-room. When the scourge had disappeared, and Marguerite went to take leave of the superior, the latter said to her: "My child, why not remain with us? It certainly would seem to be your vocation, for I have never seen a more courageous and skilful sick-nurse." "Perhaps the day may come when I can, Mother," replied Marguerite, "but for the present, God has marked out my task. I must be father and mother to my brother. Paul is only ten years old, and I am the only one in the world to look after his soul. When that task is done, I will come, God willing, and live and die with you in the service of the unfortunate." Old Rose never ceased her lamentations and pathetic appeals, in which she protested against Marguerite's being at every one's beck and call. Many a time did she turn away the peasants who came in quest of her young mistress's assistance! But the dear girl generally arrived on the scene in time to set things straight, and never allowed the poor people to go away without promising soon to go and see them.

They would almost always send for Marguerite when some one dangerously ill refused the consolations of religion. "We'll have to get Mamzelle to make him hear reason," the good country people would say. "An angel of God she is! And who could say no to her?"

The pastors themselves often asked her to prepare the way for them, and persuade the sick to receive a visit from the priest.

Marguerite, after preparing herself by praying fervently, would set out without more ado to seek this interview upon which in many cases the salvation of a soul depended. In almost every instance her presence brought about the desired result, and the sick person, thanking her with all his heart, would ask her to prepare him for the reception of the Sacraments. She had such a simple, touching way of speaking of the happiness of heaven, the divine justice and the sufferings of our Lord, and God gave such power to her words, that hardened sinners listening to her

would come to hate their sins and die with the most edifying dispositions.

Her gentle influence spread more and more, and people came from a great distance to see her, and asked either personally or by letter for advice, encouragement or the assistance of her prayers; for though she possessed wonderful skill in nursing the sick and dressing wounds, God had bestowed upon her a gift even more precious than this: that of consoling afflicted souls by helping them to bear their crosses. Many a broken heart appealed to her, and never in vain.

At about nine o'clock one winter evening during a period of very cold weather, a messenger arrived from Angers with a note for Marguerite. He came in an open vehicle. In a note a friend informed her that Madame N., a young woman of Angers who had been married but two months, had just lost her husband. He had died a few hours before as the result of an accident while out hunting. Brought up in the midst of worldly surroundings she was ignorant of even the fundamental truths of religion, and had never made her First Communion. For two or three weeks past, however, as a consequence of several interviews with Marguerite, brought about by a common friend, she had begun to think seriously of her duty towards God. She had often expressed great admiration and affection for my sister, and there was every reason to hope that under this favorable influence she would in time correspond to grace. But now this awful calamity which struck her to the very heart made her revolt against God, and at almost every instant she gave expression to the most horrible blasphemy. All the ground that had been gained seemed lost.

"I do not wish to see a living soul," she cried out, in a paroxysm of impious rage. "But yes—there is one Being I wish to face and that is God, if there be a God. I long to appear before Him, so that I may curse Him and defy His anger. Leave me alone! Let me alone to die!"

The unfortunate creature's violence was so excessive that it was feared she would take her own life.

"There is one person whom you certainly would not refuse to see," some one said to her during an interval of comparative quiet.

"Whom do you mean?" she answered listlessly.

"Mademoiselle Leclère."

"She . . . yes, perhaps," she murmured as if talking to herself, then added regretfully: "But what is the use of mentioning her? She is not here."

The devoted friend had so much sympathy for her that she immediately sent off a messenger to Mesnil describing the situation to Marguerite, and asking her to return with the messenger if she possibly could, and if not to send an answer. Marguerite took up her pen, and then, after a moment, "Better go at once," said she, and she went down to the kitchen where the messenger was warming his benumbed members by the fire.

"I will go back with you and spend the night with the ladies," she said.

"On such a night as this!" cried old Rose, quite beside herself. "Go out in weather like this and in an open wagon, too! You shall not, Mamzelle, I forbid you! And you, man," she continued, turning to the messenger, "will please to go right off, and not let that child do any such foolish thing."

"At least wait till morning, Mamzelle," said poor Cillette appealingly, "it is cold enough to freeze the wine in the bottom of the cellar."

"True enough," mournfully added Lexis.

Marguerite smiled. "Wait here for me," she said decidedly.

Returning to her room she wrapped herself up in a long cloak and covered her face with a sort of mask which in Anjou they call a "*passe-montagne*." Two minutes later she was speeding along the road to Angers at a round pace, leaving old Rose furious and her body-guard of two inconsolable. Poor Cillette was so grieved at the idea of her dear mistress being exposed to the bitter cold, that she would not go to bed, and wept all night, sitting by the fire. Old Rose kept her company. As for Lexis, either he was not so soft-hearted or he was more of a philosopher, for he soon went off to bed.

Aunt Catherine had heard none of the commotion, for she had been asleep and snoring ever since eight o'clock. I had been aroused for an instant by the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel, but I had thought nothing of it, and two seconds later I

was sound asleep again. Happy age! I could not do the same now!

The good Lord blessed Marguerite's act of charity. When she appeared at about midnight, Madame N. could hardly believe her eyes. But it was really Marguerite, and she had come all that distance in an open vehicle in the middle of the night with the thermometer at zero for the sole purpose of comforting her in her affliction. She was very much touched.

"You, Marguerite! In this terrible cold! You might have caught your death!"

"I would be willing to do that over and over again," replied my sister, gently.

"You would? But why?"

"For the good of your soul," said my sister, looking up at her poor friend with ineffable love and tenderness.

Madame N—— was conquered. She and Marguerite talked together the rest of the night, and when my sister took leave of her she was peaceful and resigned. Her heart was won, and it was not long before her mind also assented. A few days later Madame N—— made her confession, and she and Marguerite, who had prepared her, received Holy Communion side by side.

Women of all ages and of every rank and condition held my sister in affectionate esteem, and counted her friendship as a very special favor. She received at least ten or twelve letters every morning, and they were all answered by night. Yet Marguerite found time to devote two or three hours a day to teaching me. It is true that her mind was quick and precise, and this enabled her to dispose of a great deal of work in a short time. She rose very early, and went to bed very late, and thus stole many an hour from her night's rest. At her age a certain amount of sleep is very necessary, and yet for a long time her health continued to be vigorous and unimpaired. But the holy excesses of her charity in the end gradually but surely broke down her physique and exhausted her vitality before her time. Alas! Why do I reproach my neighbor for abusing the willingness of that generous soul? It was I who killed her by my unfaithfulness, and I owe the salvation of my soul to the sacrifice of her life and of her earthly happiness.

Marguerite disposed the hours of her day in such a manner as to find time for all her numerous occupations. She rose at five o'clock, winter and summer, and soon after started for the church of Saint-Laurent, about a mile and a half away. She always walked, and took old Tom as escort, and on the way she made her meditation in preparation for Holy Communion. Her dog, faithful to his charge, gravely waited for her at the door of the church, and gave lively evidence of his joy when she reappeared. After the six o'clock Mass, which was said by Father Berteaux, the first assistant, she took a light breakfast at the house of a friend, and then set out again for Mesnil. By half-past seven she had reached home again, and she then made ready to go and visit her sick people. Three days in the week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—were devoted to these visits, which usually consumed the entire morning. She nearly always walked when visiting those in the neighborhood; but if the way was long, she had the horse made ready and she then started about eight o'clock. Fanfan flew along at a great pace, proud and glad to carry his dear mistress. When her clients lived in places which were inaccessible to wagons, Marguerite would leave her light conveyance in a lane or at a siding in the road in the care of her Guardian Angel, and taking a little English saddle from the bottom of the wagon would saddle Fanfan in no time, and pursue her way on horseback. She was light as a feather, and her horse, hardly feeling her weight, galloped freely and airily along the verdant foot-paths. If there was a hollow or a deep ravine to be crossed, where the way was too rough for riding, Marguerite would dismount and proceed on foot, the docile animal following her like a faithful dog, and never needing a touch of a whip or rein to make him obey. After making her visit she would return in the same manner to the place where she had left the phaeton; and the Guardian Angel must have watched well, for she always found it safe. Unless something unforeseen occurred, the stroke of noon always found her at Mesnil once more, for Aunt Dumoulin insisted on promptness.

When Marguerite made her charitable rounds alone, I went with my aunt out hunting, or to visit the farm, according to the time of year, so I was never left to myself in the morning.

The days my sister remained at home (that is to say, gen-

erally speaking, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays), she gave herself up to her studies, of which she was passionately fond. She read with keen enjoyment our great classic writers and the best among the moderns. She knew Latin well enough to read works in that language with ease, she spoke German and English fluently, and had an extensive knowledge of history. In order to study more intelligently Catholic ethics and dogma, she had made herself acquainted with the elements of scholastic philosophy. She had an unusually bright mind, which, served well by her determined will, infallible memory and wonderful facility for assimilation, enabled her to make very rapid progress in a short space of time and in studies which were as varied as they were serious. She reserved to herself only two hours three times a week (from eight to ten in the morning) for her particular work, and even then she had one eye upon my school-boy tasks, which I accomplished after a fashion at her side. At ten o'clock we went for a little walk in the neighborhood. Marguerite moved along, quiet and collected, a pious book or her beads in her hand, while I on Fanfan's back cut up all sorts of capers around her. At about eleven o'clock we went in again, and I sat down at the piano to practise. Marguerite was a very good musician herself, and had undertaken to instill in me her taste and talent for music, but she only half succeeded. Out-of-door sports were much more to my taste, and I would have given all the pianos in the world for a saddle-horse, a hunting dog and a gun. Until Charles' marriage my sister had only had at her disposal an old worn-out harpsichord which had belonged to my mother. The poor child, who was a real artist, had, as I afterwards learned, suffered much on account of the inadequacy of her instrument; but the money she was able to save was far too valuable for her even to think of spending it on herself. She intended to use it, as I think I have said, for my education and the necessities of her dear poor people. The good Lord rewarded her self-denial. On the occasion of her first visit to us when she was on her wedding-trip, Lucie, Charles' wife, who also played very well, had listened with admiration to the performance of her sister-in-law.

"How can you, my dear girl," she said to her one day, "with talent such as yours, put up with such an old tin-pan as that?"

"Oh!" replied Marguerite, "it is quite good enough for me."

Lucie did not insist, but I could see very well that she had some scheme in her mind. A few days after the arrival of Fanfan, an enormous crate, packed with every imaginable precaution, made its appearance. It was the *second volume* of our wedding presents. We had to send for the cabinet-maker from St. Laurent to come and open the mysterious case, which disclosed before the dazzled eyes of the inhabitants of Mesnil, a magnificent Érard Grand. Marguerite, flushed with pleasure, made no attempt to hide her satisfaction. She had the piano put in her room, which was very large, and that very evening Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin and Mendelssohn sounded as they never had before. The "tinp-an" was reserved for my practising, and verily the instrument was worthy of the performer.

But to return to the ordering of our days. After dinner and a short recreation Marguerite gathered together about twelve of the children of the neighborhood whom she was preparing for their first Holy Communion. This catechism class, which met three times a week, lasted two hours. I was always present as well as Lexis and Cillette, whose religious instructions had been very much neglected. Marguerite put her whole heart in this work, and went about it as if it were the most important business in the world, and in this I believe she was not altogether wrong. She excelled in holding the attention of her young hearers, ordinarily so restless and trifling, by pointed questions, short and simple explanations, apt and striking illustrations which were easily remembered. She taught the children their prayers and how to examine their consciences, and spoke to them of sin and its horror and of the severity with which God punishes it. There were some among them who were naturally apathetic and dull, and she often had the mortification of receiving hopelessly stupid answers to her questions. Any ordinary amount of patience would soon have been exhausted, but she returned to the attack without permitting herself to be discouraged, and in the end overcame both stupidity and lack of attention. Many a time have I seen her after supper take aside Lexis and Cillette, our two young servants, who were good-hearted, I must admit, but almost inconceivably stupid. It took a long time to get them to learn even that which

their limited understanding permitted them to grasp, but Marguerite succeeded in getting into their heads the absolutely essential truths, and at last the poor things could receive Holy Communion, from which they had been barred on account of their extreme ignorance.

On the days when she did not have catechism, my sister was occupied with her sewing or embroidery until half-past two. As she had no maid she kept her own clothes and mine in order, and it may be imagined that I gave her some work to do! The poor girl had often to sit up late mending the rents in my clothes which would result from my expeditions into the woods.

At half-past two I began my studies every day, and these also Marguerite superintended.² She taught me until I was thirteen years old, and could have done so much longer, had it not been that about that time I became very hard to govern. Although I loved my sister dearly, I would not submit without a struggle to the authority of a woman. I argued and refused to obey, and often there were very lively scenes. I always asked her pardon afterwards, with all my heart, when I had quieted down, but the relapses were altogether too frequent. A change of air became imperative. Then, too, Marguerite realized that except under very unusual circumstances the education of a boy should be conducted by men. And so in the beginning of October, 1854, I was sent to college to begin with the third class. I was at that time thirteen years old,—but we have not come to that quite yet.

At four o'clock lessons were over, and I ran out joyfully to work in my little garden until the supper bell rang. My aunt had generously given up to me quite a space in her vegetable garden. Of this plot I was absolute master, and the Lord only knows what childish experiments I tried there!

During this time Marguerite walked to church to make her daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. She remained there half an hour and on her return she practised on the piano until supper.

After this we had a short recreation, and then I said my prayers, and when I was in bed and sound asleep, which as a general thing was before very long, Marguerite went back to her room to attend

² Before beginning we always said a prayer before the picture of father and mother, and asked them to bless us.

to her correspondence and her own devotions. It was not until half-past ten that she sought her night's repose.

This was the routine of the week. We spent almost the whole of Sunday at Saint-Laurent, taking our breakfast there with friends. Between High Mass and Vespers, Marguerite called a meeting of the Children of Mary of the parish. Year after year they elected her president unanimously, except, of course, for one vote. She gave them a short instruction on the love and honor due to their Blessed Mother and urged them faithfully and generously to discharge the duties of their state. On the eves of the great feasts they met in the sacristy for the purpose of preparing the decorations of the altar. For a whole week before Corpus Christi they would be busy from morning until night decorating the "calvaries" erected along the highways of the parish. While they were thus occupied with the visible accessories of worship, Marguerite lost no opportunity of speaking with them about God, and of helping them to prepare to receive the Holy Eucharist.

All these young girls were devoted to their president, and not one of them would decide a question of importance without first asking her advice and the assistance of her prayers. Marguerite used this influence to counteract the faults and vices of the young people of the district. She managed to inspire in those about her such a horror of sin and such love of the angelic virtue that in the course of a few months, the dances and gatherings of the free and boisterous sort, and, in fact, all other dangerous amusements had quite disappeared from the parish. The improvement was so marked that it almost seemed miraculous, and the pastor and his assistants thanked God for it, and did not hesitate to say to people that Mademoiselle Leclère was the visible angel of Saint-Laurent.

The general affection and respect in which she was held was strikingly manifested during the winter of 1854. Marguerite took cold as a result of visiting a sick person who lived at a great distance from Mesnil. She went out of a very warm room into the open air, and she was chilled through when she got into the phaeton again. By the time she got home an hour later, she was in a raging fever and had a pain in her right side. Next day our good doctor pronounced it pneumonia, and almost immediately the disease assumed a very alarming character.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety of the parish and all the surrounding country at this time. People came eighteen and twenty miles to ask about Marguerite. The Countess de Saint-Julien sent a servant every morning and evening to inquire, and came every day to acquaint herself "de visu" of the condition of her dear Marguerite. In every household prayers were said, asking God to preserve the "saint," and many people made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Help at Nantes to obtain the cure of the "good young lady." The young girls of Saint-Laurent got permission from the pastor to pray day and night before the Blessed Sacrament until Marguerite should be pronounced out of danger. A number of others did the same, so there was always a crowd in the church. But most pathetic of all was the grief of our good-hearted domestics. Old Rose sobbed from morning until night, repeating to every one who came near her that she would not live without her little Marguerite. Lexis and Cillette were in consternation; and no wonder, for Marguerite was so good to them! Poor Cillette in particular was pitiful to behold. At the most dangerous stage of my sister's illness, she promised the good Lord in simple faith and courage that she would not taste a bit of food until her dear mistress should be cured. She kept her vow, and went four days without eating or drinking. We only learned afterwards, through a slip on the part of Lexis, of the heroic resolution of his sister.

My aunt, who loved us like a mother, although her affection was hidden beneath a rather gruff exterior, was a marvel of efficiency and devotion. She refused to send for a Sister of Charity, as the doctor suggested, and, in spite of her old age, she tended my sister herself, day and night, during the entire course of her illness.

"She is a real Marguerite, that's sure," said the poor old lady to Abbé Aubry, "and a Vendéan, too! I know the good Lord would like to have her in Paradise, but, all the same, we want her here, too, at least until we die ourselves; don't we, Father? And we'll just work so hard that the good Lord will change His mind."

The good priest smiled, and wept, and prayed with all his heart, for he loved Marguerite with all the affection of a father. Had he not baptized her, given her her First Communion, and

been her director from her childhood? Then, too, he realized what a loss the death of this dear child would be to his parish.

"If I were only at liberty to speak," he said to us one day, when our anxiety was greatest, "if I might tell you of what goes on in that dear soul and brave heart which I know so well—but it is God's secret; we shall know it all some day, and praise Him for it in eternity."

Marguerite prepared for death with perfect resignation and calmness. She had Charles and Lucie notified to come at once, if they wished to see her alive, and when they arrived she confided me to their care, begging them to adopt me as their son, which they willingly promised to do. She then nerved herself to try and quiet the violence of my grief, and urged me to prepare myself well for my First Communion, which I was to make a few months later. She succeeded in calming me, and after that kept her thoughts fixed on God, before whom, as she believed, she was soon to appear.

She asked that the doors of her room be opened wide and every one be admitted who was on the place at the time. She then asked pardon of all for the evil she had done and the good she had omitted, and begged them to pray for her and help her to prepare for God's judgment. All present were in tears. After this Marguerite with lively faith received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and then she bade everyone farewell.

Hardly were the ceremonies at an end when the sick girl fell into a deep sleep which lasted all the afternoon and through the night. When she awoke she declared that she was well, and the doctor, arriving at that moment, found, to his great satisfaction, that the affected lung was entirely healed.

And so Marguerite was given back to us, and her cure was really miraculous, for from that very day all the symptoms of her illness disappeared. She got up, took some food, and went on foot to Saint-Laurent to give thanks to our Lord for having given back to her again the robust health which she had enjoyed up to that time.

There was a day of general rejoicing when it became known that the "young lady of Mesnil" was well again. We had to rescue her by force from all these good people, who would have quite overwhelmed her with their joyful demonstrations.

In the midst of this unanimous chorus of praise and fond admiration my sister remained ever insignificant and despised in her own eyes, and I learned later that God preserved the tender flower of her humility by interior trials from which she was never more to be relieved. I will revert to this in time.

Marguerite looked upon my bringing up as her first duty. She was untiring in her efforts to give me a broad and solid education and to furnish my mind by degrees with a fund of varied and useful knowledge; but above all she strove to develop my understanding and to confirm my will in reasonable habits, and especially to plant in my heart an active and lively piety, to accomplish which last the generosity and constancy of the will are necessary. She knew well how, with God's help, to make of me a man of fine feeling and a true Christian.

At my lessons, during our walks, or in those long talks when I confidently poured all the thoughts and imaginings of my childish heart into her willing ears, she seized upon every opportunity of teaching me to know God, the Creator and Ruler of all things, and also to fear Him and to love Him. From my earliest years she had instructed me in the fundamental truths of religion, the smaller catechism, Bible history, and, as I grew older, the history of the Church. She showed me the power and goodness of God as revealed in the material universe, and still more in that hidden world of the soul, and she accustomed me to look upon mortal sin as the great evil, because it outrages the Divine Majesty, and inflicts death upon the soul, as incalculable woe, as the supreme act of madness, as a deplorable state from which one must extricate himself at any cost, if he be so unhappy as to fall therein.

Marguerite sought to arouse in me admiration for all that is noble and generous, and, on the other hand, contempt for what is low, for lying, hypocrisy, selfish or interested motives; contempt for riches and the good things of this world, which attach the soul to earth with such strong bonds; contempt for the opinion of the world, and love of duty—in short, the principles of Christian education epitomized in that ancient device of our forefathers: "Do what you ought, come what may."³

³ 'Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.'

Alas! I did not profit by these precious lessons, and while she was here on earth, my poor Marguerite, during my young manhood, saw with sorrow thorns and tares spring up and flourish abundantly in the field cultivated with such loving care. May she from above behold at last, in the ground so long ungrateful and sterile, the growth of that late-blooming flower called repentance, a poor blossom without brightness or beauty in the eyes of the world, but pleasing, nevertheless, in God's sight. "There shall be joy in heaven," says the Gospel, "upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just that need not penance."

There are some well-known lines of Paul Reynier:

"La plus pur des fleurs qui croissent dans nos fanges,
C'est lui (le repentir) ; mais l'innocence est le vertue des anges,
La fleur qui ne germe qu'au ciel."⁴

These verses remind me of part of a simple old song which I learned in my childhood:

Au beau séjour de Paradis
Le bon Jésus, notre doux sire,
Parmi les roses et les lis
Sourit au parfum de la myrrhe.⁵

It is very comforting for poor sinners!

Marguerite also began very early to teach me the history of France, and inspired in me a deep love of my country. She showed me how the Hand of God led our land in her glorious career, and made her the defender of the Church, the terror of tyrants and the refuge of the oppressed. When the world lent itself to an act of infamy, the sword of France leapt flaming from its sheath, and French blood was gladly and proudly shed in the vindication of justice. "France will avenge us!" oppressed peoples would cry, and they looked to us for aid.

But to-day, what a contrast! We stand by and watch un-

⁴ Paul Reynier, "Innocence et Repentir."

The purest of flowers in this earthly soil grown
Is repentance : innocence blooms in heaven alone,
'tis the virtue of angels above.

⁵ Heaven is a garden wondrous fair,
Where lilies and where roses bloom,
Our gentle Saviour, walking there,
Smiles at the bitter myrrh's perfume.

moved the death agony of a generous people, devoured by a nation which covets the precious metals and diamonds of its mountains. This people is of our own flesh and blood, and calls loudly upon us for aid. And France sleeps! She sleeps supinely, and "felons" prevent her from being roused, in order that the civilized robbers may accomplish their ends unmolested. How long, O God! Shall we see the great nation awake once more?

But we are away back in 1852, and as yet I am a man only nine years old.

If Marguerite was quite satisfied with my conduct, she took me with her when she went to visit the sick, providing there was no danger of my being exposed to some contagious disease. I was still altogether a child, and it took so little to make me happy!

For me there was nothing so enjoyable as these little excursions; and Marguerite liked very much to take me with her, both as a reward and also as a means of accustoming me to being with the poor and to the practice of charity. She often found occasion when I accompanied her in these drives to follow up her task of developing the powers of my mind and heart.

Once a month during the warm weather, the recreation would last all day. Then there would be no visits, but the whole time would be given up to me, and Marguerite would exercise her ingenuity in making me happy. Long beforehand I looked forward to those days with delight, first, because for me my sister and the pleasure of being with her represented the very acme of my desires. And then our outings were so enjoyable! On these days Marguerite would have the horse and phaeton brought around as soon as she returned from Mass. Old Rose would pack the bottom of the wagon with her choicest provisions,—a fine roast chicken, a sealed jar of cream, some luscious peaches and delicious little cakes which she had baked with special care. She did not forget to include a good bag of oats for Fanfan and a dinner for brave Tom, who was always of the party.

We all four set off in high spirits, Tom barking, Fanfan frisky, I myself shouting and singing and Marguerite laughing. I shall never forget those times. Fanfan went like a deer, with such fire and vigor at a pace of fifteen miles an hour. When he was not urged

—and he never was except in extraordinary cases—he could go at that rate for a long time without showing the slightest sign of fatigue or turning a hair. It is true that our vehicle was extremely light, and Marguerite and I added very little to its weight. The heaviest burden that Fanfan had to draw was undoubtedly old Tom, who, after following for a few miles would come up with a beseeching look which meant that he wanted a lift. “Jump, Tom!” He did not wait to be told twice, but leaped in without more ado, and soberly laid himself down at our feet.

We stopped once in a while to breathe our valiant little steed and admire at leisure the beautiful country through which we were passing. About noon we looked about for a grassy meadow near a pretty stream where there was pleasant shade, and there we alighted and prepared for our luncheon. Marguerite laid the cloth upon a fresh green carpet of moss, while I unhitched Fanfan, who proceeded to make a plentiful meal of the flower-strewn grass. He never was tied, for we knew he would run up at the first call, his mane floating, his eye on fire, his nostrils distended in the wind. It was a pleasure to see him, so spirited, so vigorous and, at the same time, so gentle and tractable. As for Tom, after playing for a few minutes with his friend Fanfan, by way, I suppose, of thanking him for his ride, he would come and sit at our feet, and gravely munch the chicken bones which we threw him. After luncheon, while I slept on the turf in the shade, Marguerite said her beads and many other prayers. When I awoke we talked together for a good portion of the afternoon. She spoke to me of God, of His power and goodness so wonderfully shown forth in this our fair land of Anjou. She could without wearying me, direct my thoughts to infinite perfection, the inexhaustible source of all earthly beauty, which reflected for our eyes increate intelligence, as the stream reminds us of its source, or the sunbeam of the luminous orb whence it emanates.

I asked her innocently one day, whether Anjou were not the most beautiful country in the world. “For us it is,” she said, smiling, and she repeated the well-known sonnet of Joachim de Bellay, who, in the midst of the magnificence of Rome, poetically sighed for his native land. These are, I believe, the first verses I ever learned by heart, and it always gives me pleasure to recall them.

“ Plus me plaist le séjour qu'on bati mes ayeulx
 Que des palais romains, le front audacieux ;
 Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine ;

“ Plus mon Loyre gaulois que le Tybre latin,
 Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont Palatin
 Et plus que l'air marin la douceur Angevine.”⁶

About four o'clock Marguerite gave the signal for departure. At our call Fanfan came up ready to be harnessed. I took the good oats from the bottom of the wagon, and he munched them with his strong teeth, finding in them new strength. Then we got into the phaeton and started for home at the same lively pace as in the morning. We reached Mesnil again at about seven o'clock.

I believe I have never tasted sweeter pleasures, pleasures which left behind them less remorse, than those charming excursions when I was alone with my earthly angel under God's fair heaven.

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

SOCIALISM.

Third Article.

IN the last article it was suggested that one distinguish a number of phases of Socialism in the hope of understanding its relations more accurately than can be the case, it seems, by giving only one meaning to the term. The general trend, however extensive it be, reveals the economic doctrine of collectivism largely unrelated to other factors in social life; the propaganda is more direct, convinced and active, displaying more of criticism and antagonism to institutions such as Church and Capital, and determined on reform; the socialist party is organized, vehement,

⁶ “ Within the home my fathers reared to live
 All Rome's pretentious palaces I'd give,
 Their marble for our slate so fine and blue.

“ To my French Loire the Latin Tiber's tame,
 Lyré can put the Palatine to shame,
 And the salt air is harsh to the soft breezes of Anjou.”

bitter. In its aggressive spirit, it advances beyond the others, and attacks more of the supports of the present order than they. From criticism of Church it goes on to denunciation of religion; from discontent with Providence it proceeds to denial of God; from denunciation of the conditions of home and married life, it advances to the advocacy of the laxest relations of the sexes. Not in all of the parties, not often, if at all in formally adopted declarations, but in literature, in journals, in propaganda, in comment, and in plans of social reconstruction, we meet those features of Socialism every day. The leaders in thinking, writing and organizing show best these radical extremes. Party disagrees with party, leader with leader, journal with journal; but in spite of that, there are instances of hatred of religion and of institutional marriage abundant enough to identify them as possessed by one mind in these respects. Those who desire to know more in detail the extent to which atheism, free love, concealment of purpose are found in party socialism, will find interesting a volume on Socialism, by David Goldstein, just published by the Union News League of Boston. The author recently deserted the party, and commenced a campaign of revelations against it. He endeavors to show by copious extracts from all kinds of Socialistic literature the extent to which free love, irreligion, and dishonest tactics dominate in the party. It is difficult to see how the leaders and the party can clear themselves of the charges made against them. It is scarcely probable that they will even attempt to do so.

It seems that a curious psychological process is going on in the development of Socialism. It appears to be groping, trying more or less blindly to discover its mission. Paradoxical as it may sound, it becomes at times conservative. As it appeared in Robert Owen and in Marx, both materialists and anti-religious with widely different standpoints, it was more radical, more revolutionary than it is to-day. The trend now is backward toward the central economic plan of collectivism to be introduced by legitimate means. This is probably due to the more conservative temperament of the latest generations of Socialists. In a popular movement of protest such as Socialism, we naturally find all temperaments, all degrees of intelligence, skill, all degrees of religion

and culture united in a fellowship of reform. All kinds of motive and of purpose are present, and every method known to man will be employed. It requires a long and slow process to fuse this mass by the fire of indignant discontent. Under its action, the more volatile spirits are quickly liberated: from them we get the explosive type of reformer. But it seems that with the segregation of these more ardent souls, the essential element of Socialism becomes more evident. If this be true, the more violent forms of Socialism and its most radical antagonisms are transitory phases of it. The socialism which seems to have a great historical mission in social progress is not the messenger of a Godless philosophy and homeless society, but rather a single stern protest against social injustice. Socialism as a criticism of society has rendered splendid service; as forcing reform to the front, it has merited high appreciation; as promising not to disappear or to fail until we make a nearer approach to justice through our institutions, it is the prophecy and guarantee of progress. One need be no Socialist in fact, in sympathy or in belief to admit this. One may regret that there are Socialists, but one must regret infinitely more that any conditions which made Socialism possible and necessary would have been tolerated by the modern State. If these observations be accurate, we err in confining attention to the free love and atheistic phases of the movement. Without forgetting or underrating these, we must look farther and see much more in it.

In studying briefly the strength and the weakness of Socialism, attention is confined chiefly to its simpler form. A more detailed study from this standpoint may be found in Ely's *Socialism*. Strength and weakness in combatants are relative. A man is strong or weak absolutely; an antagonist is strong or weak relatively to the strength of his foe. Disadvantages in one are advantages to the other. Whatever gives occasion or justification to Socialism, whatever there be of failure or ugliness in the conditions which it attacks, all of that is of advantage to it. Whatever there be of strength, of obstacle, of resistance in the institutions of the present, is a disadvantage to it. Consequently, we must look to the limitations of our actual institutions in order to gauge rightly the chief source of power in Socialism.

THE STRENGTH OF SOCIALISM.

Any set of actual social institutions is at a disadvantage when compared with possible institutions ; the former will fail more or less extensively, while only theoretical reasons can be alleged against the latter. If we take the natural aim of society to be the general welfare of its members, the development of the individual in his many-sided nature, the protection of his opportunity to be a developed and happy being, we understand that government is one of the agents in the work. Individual, class, home, church, school, leader, all must coöperate. While failures should be charged to each factor in due proportion, it has become customary to blame them ultimately to private ownership of capital, proximately to the State and law which support it. In proof of the bankruptcy of the present order of things, we find employed much elaboration of the evils of contemporary society. And the evils in question concern not only the victims but also the favored ones.

As to the victims. There are first, the facts which are beyond dispute. Widespread poverty, abject misery, lack of necessities of life, uncertainty of labor, dependence, wages threatened by every vicissitude of life ; excessive work of children and women, unsanitary homes and food ; hopelessness, degradation, sin and shame widespread. No one may deny that such facts are found. There are secondly, the tendencies in society which, if uncorrected, promise a continuance of such conditions, if not indeed, a deterioration. There are finally the estimates, views of such facts and tendencies. These views are of primary importance, because it is not facts but views which make revolutions. Among the reform forces generally, in Socialism especially, these views are extremely radical. The fallacy of concentration leads to the exaggeration of view beyond facts, and it tends to destroy confidence in institutions. The propaganda of Socialism is mainly confined to the selection of typical facts and the propagation of discontent, through views which are unrelated closely to facts. The facility of speech-making, of press publication, of meeting ; the massing of great numbers in one locality and one trade in a way to make interests identical, the constant interchange of view and the habit

of protest, develop a class-spirit of protest that is very strong. One is rarely stimulated to violence by one's personal wrongs. It is the wrongs of the class that evoke hatred. The accepted axiom "An injury to one is the concern of all," true and noble enough literally, is a great force here. Through this process then, from fact to personal view, and through this to class conscious despair, Socialism acquires great strength. Thus the frame of mind of Socialism, even where honest and truth-seeking, is unsuited to hear the apology, the explanation that might be made for the essentials of the present order. Hence it is believed by these victims of the present order that mercy, truth, justice, liberty, and humanity are perishing from our civilization, and that Socialism alone can save them.

The favored ones in the present order likewise present conditions for which our institutions are condemned by Socialism. The degradation, silliness, and social uselessness of the idle rich, facts which are to some extent undeniable; the tyranny, heartlessness, dishonesty, deception shown to some extent among the busy rich; the rise of the interests of wealth in the Republic, as a rival of the interests of the people, its efforts to control life, shape legislation and influence courts; the immoral practices of business seen in adulteration and misrepresentation, which, at the risk of life itself, are daily carried on; the low, appallingly low estimate of human life sometimes manifested in business, in risks to life and limb; corruption in office, in elections,—all of these are facts which we may not deny; facts which to an extent prove the indictment against society. The tendencies in this class, as in the other, seem to promise no improvement. Hence we find the views of such facts full of pessimism and despair, not alone among Socialists, but more or less generally. Former President Cleveland said in his Chicago speech, October 14, 1903, that he found "public life saturated with the indecent demands of selfishness"; that "corruption has reached the frightful proportions of malevolence."

Thus the victims and the favorites of the present order present to us a condition of fact and of tendency that calls for reform. Then are added the estimates, exaggerations, the propaganda of radical views; the particular made general, the local made universal, until there is built up a tradition of protest, hate, and criti-

cism, a vocabulary of complaint and demand which remain and give to Socialism its coherence and its tone. Until some estimate of current facts and tendencies be made, which destroys confidence in present and hope in future, Socialism can make no headway. Hence the propaganda commences here. In the facts which none may deny, and which furnish illustration and apparent justification for all that Socialism claims, we find the strength and the hope that give to this remarkable movement most of its assurance of continued growth.

Much that is favorable to Socialism is found too in the all but universal feeling that a remedy for existing conditions must be quickly found. The constant failures of reform efforts, as we see them, lead one to think that more far-reaching attempts must yet be made. Representatives of religion, of government, of science, of industry, of labor, men who feel and think intelligently, agree that reform is necessary. Socialism presents itself in response to that feeling. It points to the inadequacy and the failure of partial schemes, and claims that it alone meets the situation. It claims, and rightly too, that it is merely the whole logical consequence of all partial reforms, that it is, in one coördinated scheme, the sum of the distinctive and dominant tendencies at work now in society. As before remarked, the discontent that makes a single-taxer, a socialist, a trade unionist, a moderate reformer, is practically one and the same. The differences are in the plans of reform. It is as easy for the conservative to become moderately radical, as it is for the latter to become an extremist. Thus, the logic, the psychology of actual reforms, and the larger tendencies in society lend strength to Socialism.

It derives power too from its idealism, its professed belief in perfection, in the possibility of universal joy, comfort, and culture. There are none of us who do not feel deep in nature longings for rest and ideal development, and very often the intensity of our feeling is in inverse ratio to our chances for it. Thus the suffering classes in society, or great numbers among them, are more sensitive to the ideal than the more fortunate. Socialism is on its constructive side, above all, the party of the ideal. The pathos in its championship of weakness and hopelessness, the tragedy in its denunciation of the strong and cruel, the intensity of its faith in

its mission are as marked as we see them, solely because of the human heart that is touched. While with one hand it points to the valley of misery, dark and hideous, where cruelty and oppression are said to reign supreme, with the other it points to the sunlit plains above, where glad hearts throb with happy love, and plenty springs at command to minister to human wants. While in one sentence it tells of the cruelty of strength and the tyranny of power, in the next it tells of the tenderness and love that will encircle both and make them like angels in the coming times. The bare thought of individual or collective ownership of capital has in itself no power of appeal, no eloquence of feeling, no emotion of triumph. It is dull, abstract, academic, as would be an analysis of value or a law of price. But convert it into a metaphor; associate with the thought of individual ownership of capital, all of the woes and anguish, misery and despair, failure and defeat, blighted hopes and stunted lives of women and children and men; make appeal to sympathy, pity, to the hopes of better things and to ambition for them, and that dull thought is at once endowed with an energy that is fierce and restless. Associate with the thought of collective ownership of capital pictures of peace and joy, of gladsome, merry children, happy homes, of equality and love, of justice and mercy, noble men and women, idealized into perfect living, and that dull thought, too, becomes vital, fascinating, triumphant. It is the feelings of human hearts, played on skilfully by the shrewd propaganda, that makes for power in Socialism; doubly powerful, because of the prosaic and comfortless opposition that we must make who see in that same idealism the deepest cruelty and the greatest danger that Socialism contains.

The peculiar propaganda methods of Socialism are strong. The active socialists are enthusiasts, men of a conviction, bearing a message; who discuss the times when they will have conquered the nation, with as much confidence as they discuss an impending election. The editor of one Socialist paper offers to send it to any one from now till a Socialist President is elected for a stated nominal price. The workers are irrepressible. Lecturers are constantly on the platform, the curbstone, and the soap-box, to address any who will listen. Recently forty-two meetings were held in one week in Chicago. Organizers are everywhere

at work, and their reports are telling. An increase of votes in a town, from six to eight, is an excuse for enthusiastic reports. Ardent apostles who wish, may in some sections go by twos in covered wagons, carrying the gospel everywhere, distributing leaflets, pamphlets, books, stirring up discontent and organizing the discontented. The press is most active. Papers are cheap, costing but twenty-five cents to one dollar per year. They are well printed, bright, and entertaining. The circulation is spread by club rates, prizes, donations for sending to libraries, to non-believers. One energetic paper alone claims a circulation of 260,000. Caricature, cartoon, illustrations are used with great effect. The literature is abundant, cheap, and attractive. Serious works, novels, poetry, music and songs; catechisms and leaflets costing from one cent to a dollar, enable the workers to send their message into every corner of the land. Clubs are numerous. At least three schools have been started, their purpose being to train propagandists in presentation and method and to teach all who may come the principles of Socialism. There is considerable social life among socialists, with games and amusements. I find advertised a deck of playing cards devised to teach Socialism; rubber stamps with the words "vote for Socialism" to be used on envelopes and stationery; "stickers" sold in thousands, to be pasted, by socialists on freight cars in transit. After spending a day reading pamphlets, papers, leaflets, one can scarcely avoid the impression that this ingenuity, zeal, sacrifice, buoyancy, and concentration must result in something tangible. We may look on with some good humor and a sense of amused surprise, but I do not fear to say that there are lessons there that we might all learn with advantage.

Another source of strength of Socialism is found in the immediate economic advantages that coöperation possesses over competitive industry. This latter gives us ten factories where six might answer; three railroads where two would meet demands; ten newsboys clamoring on the street corner to sell papers where two might easily meet the demand. Crisis, failures, disorder, adulteration, advertising, deception, and similar features of industrial life might be eliminated, were all industry carefully regulated. But it seems that in fact the public does not much care about

this waste of the present. Competition has brought unparalleled progress ; hence, this is an academic rather than a popular aspect of the question.

THE WEAKNESS OF SOCIALISM.

A curious difficulty presents itself in an attempt to describe the weakness of Socialism. Inconsistency, contradiction, defective induction, false assumptions are logical weaknesses in a system of thought. Distortion of facts, incorrect perspective, misinterpretation of tendencies, are weaknesses from an historical point of view. False estimate of motives, inexact understanding of the extent to which environment may modify character and motive, are psychological and sociological weakness. But all of these are academic, they appeal primarily to the scholar. Now Socialism is a popular movement, an appeal to the masses ; hence its strength and its weakness should be computed from that viewpoint. The literature opposed to Socialism tells us of mistakes of various kinds which it makes. We are told, and rightly too, that attention is concentrated on the evils and failures of our institutions ; their strength is ignored ; errors made in the analysis of causes of social evils ; individual and institutions, principle and policy, absolute and relative, are hopelessly confused. The assumptions on which Socialism rests are scarcely capable of demonstration. It ignores the limitations of human nature and the unvarying lessons of human history. These and similar objections, which in all sincerity appear valid and unanswerable, are constantly alleged in treatises written against Socialism, but a question presents itself concerning them. How far do they constitute checks to Socialism as it appeals to the masses ?

Those who are favored by present social conditions and institutions will scarcely embrace Socialism. There are some exceptions ; but the statement is true of the class. The rich, the powerful, the eminent, the learned, industrial and political leaders, are largely unmoved by the appeals of Socialism, though widely influenced by its criticism. It is essentially a protest by victims for themselves. Strong, determined individuals, who believe in personal responsibility ; men of energy and ambition who may be slowly rising are slow to listen to Socialism. Thus, the weak, the suffer-

ing, the oppressed, actually or supposedly, offer the only great promising field for propaganda.

Even here we find obstacles. As the Declaration of Independence states, "all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right them by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." When great numbers of men are adjusted to a situation in society ; when thought and feeling, sense and measure are so fitted to things and conditions and people, that even the misery of poverty and the dulness and pain of the daily struggle for life seem less an evil than the effort to change, it is not easy to rouse such persons into enthusiasm for anything that means change. This seems to be the case with those who are, in the fullest sense, victims of present order ; consequently those whose condition is the saddest proof of the failures that mar our civilization and mock our progress. Then, the more energetic, intelligent among the supposed victims are not entirely open to the socialist propaganda. Those who are moderately successful, who work regularly and are industrious, provident and orderly, are not moved as a class. The immense activity of the labor unions is probably the greatest factor in deterring Socialism's advance among these classes. The union is concrete and definite in its programme. It meets the test that the practical shrewd sense of men applies, while Socialism seems to fail under that test. Unions have also the prestige of an active history and helpful deeds, while Socialism, as it appears in any one form or place, is ordinarily not credited with anything, great as is its merit as a criticism.

It is remarkable that neither the Unions nor Socialism have succeeded in awakening laborers as a body. Probably not over one-fourth of the laborers of the country are organized ; such is the resisting power of mass conservatism, even in the face of most active and determined propaganda.

To a considerable extent, the tyranny of party in Socialism, confusion, accusation, intolerance, schism, hinder workingmen from joining the ranks. The absolute domination of the party over the thought and speech of the individual is well illustrated in a custom sometimes practised by a party. When it places in nomination a member for any public office whatever, he is required to

sign a resignation with date blank. If elected, he may not act or speak, except in full accord with the party. Should he fail to do so, the resignation is presented. Similar restriction of liberty of labor is one of the greatest drawbacks to the advance of labor unions.

The open alliance of some phases of Socialism with free love and atheism has strengthened immeasurably opposition to the movement. The boldness with which the most sacred feelings of millions are outraged by socialist writers and their press, has awakened determined opposition among those whose belief in God and the Incarnation is more sacred than life, and whose attachment to the ideal of home which we profess is the most cherished affection of the heart. It is difficult to say how far the opposition by the Catholic Church to Socialism actually checks it. That it has done so to remarkable extent in Europe is certain, notwithstanding the fact that it is so strong there. Catholics, at least, have been prevented from becoming socialists to any extent. In the United States, where the Church and Socialism have not yet met squarely in the concrete, it is less easy to measure effects. That so few Catholics are inclined to Socialism, even in its purely economic form, seems to show that either in deference to Church authority or by instinct Catholics promise little to the socialist propagandist.

The impossibility of the promises of Socialism and the irresponsibility of many of those who speak in its name deter many from becoming socialists, whose sympathies, otherwise, would readily be given to the movement.

It is not easy to analyze with any degree of completeness and accuracy the forces and conditions that actually hinder Socialism's advance, yet there may be benefit in the attempt. There can be no doubt that the final single obstacle to Socialism will be found in social reform itself. Every manifestation of social conscience by society, every correction of abuse, every remedy successfully applied to a condition, every law that reasserts the claims of humanity against commerce and industry, and every force that aids in reëstablishing the dominion of conscience over business, renews the strength of our institutions in their main features, and removes one additional support for the contentions of Socialism.

The splendid progress that has been made in these ways already leads one to hope that a general awakening in society may yet give us new proof of the vitality of our principles and of the resources for amelioration that lie in our institutions. One thing seems certain. Without such an awakening, even Socialism cannot make much progress; with it, the need for Socialism will pass away.

WILLIAM J. KERBY.

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THE ANGELS OF THE CRIB.

AT the last Christmas season THE DOLPHIN gave to its readers "A Christmas Masque at Carmel," or a rendering into English verse of the poetic offerings made by a gifted young Carmelite nun in France to the Infant Jesus. She represented the Divine Child as begging from the nuns of her convent Christmas gifts—from this one a cake, from that one a caress, from another roses, from another a bunch of grapes, and so on; the various gifts typifying the spiritual fruits, sacrifices, and loving acts that their Divine Spouse really sought from these chosen souls.

Following close upon the "poésie," in the Life of Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jesus et de la Sainte Face, is what is called a "fragment," or "Les Anges à la Crèche." This "fragment" really occupies ten pages; but its incompleteness is indicated by some brief prose passages, in which the author simply states in a few words certain ideas which she probably intended to develop into poetry, but had not time and strength to complete her task.

The beauty and elevation of thought that mark this colloquy, between no less exalted personages than the Infant Jesus and five attendant Angels, I have endeavored to show to some degree in our own tongue. The process of thought by which Sœur Thérèse develops her theme reveals a strange and strong resemblance between the work of this young French nun, who died at twenty-four, not seven years ago, and that of the renowned English author of *The Dream of Gerontius*, Cardinal Newman, whose long life spanned nearly the entire century just passed.

In the present rendering I have endeavored to keep to the varying metres chosen by Sœur Thérèse, and adapted by her to various French airs. The most difficult rhythm to imitate—at least, I found it so—has been that entitled “*L’Ange de la Résurrection*,” where a rapturous flight of ecstasy is indicated, and where the singular three-lined second stanza or triplet raises the question whether we have not here simply a fragmentary expression of the grace which characterizes this exquisite little Christmas play, or drama.

As one specimen of the metres, which change six times in the course of the play, this difficult passage is here given :

L’ANGE DE LA RÉSURRECTION.

Air : Noël ! Noël ! laeta voce Noël !

“ Ne pleurez plus, Anges du Dieu Sauveur,
Je viens du ciel consoler votre cœur.

Ce faible enfant
Un jour sera puissant ;
Il ressuscitera,
Et toujours régnera.

“ O Dieu caché sous les traits d’un enfant,
Je te vois rayonnant,
Et déjà triomphant !

“ Je lèverai la pierre du tombeau,
Et, contemplant ton Visage si beau,
Je chanterai
Et me réjouirai,
Te voyant de mes yeux
T’élèver glorieux !

“ Je vois briller des divines splendeurs
Tes yeux d’enfant qui sont mouillés de pleurs.
Verbe de Dieu
Ta parole de feu
Doit retenir un jour
Consumante d’amour ! ”

Five Angels, as I have said, take part in the drama, addressing themselves in turn to the Divine Babe of Christmas, who, in His

replies, uses always the same metre or rhythm, a very simple and child-like form of verse. For instance :

“ Consolez vous, Anges fidèles ;
 Vous seuls, pour la première fois,
 Loin des collines éternelles,
 Du Verbe écouterez la voix.”

For “the Angel of the Last Judgment,” Sœur Thérèse has chosen a very grave, slow, solemn metre. That for “the Angel of the Resurrection” is ecstatic, as has already been noticed. The metres selected for the “Angels of the Child Jesus, of the Holy Face, and of the Holy Eucharist,” and set to different airs, are very much alike, except for the quaint little short-lined intermediate stanzas, which vary in length, and which I may not always have succeeded in reproducing quite accurately. The two concluding stanzas of the poem differ very decidedly and unexpectedly from all the others, and are extremely impressive in their suitability and their beauty. Certainly the quaint chants of this “Flower of Carmel,” this angelic Sœur Thérèse, possess a God-given grace for kindling Christian hearts with true Christmas fires.

The poem, a “Second Christmas Masque at Carmel,” opens thus :

THE ANGELS OF THE CRIB.

FRAGMENT.

THE ANGEL OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Air : Tombe du Nid.

Thou Word of God, Thou Glory of God !
 In awe I gazed on Thee above ;
 And now I see that Glory of God,
 That Word of God, made man through love.
 O Child, whose light doth blind the sight
 Of angels in high heaven divine !
 Thou’rt come to save the world to-night,
 And who can fathom that love of Thine ?
 In swaddling bands
 The Child-God lies.
 Lord of all lands !
 Trembling before Thy face I veil mine eyes.

Yes, who can fathom this marvellous thing?

God makes Himself a little Child,
 He, the eternal, almighty King,
 Afar from His own heaven exiled !
 Fain would I give Thee love for love !
 Thee will I guard by day and night,
 My utter fealty to prove,
 Thou tiny Jesu, Light of Light !

Thy cradle so dear
 Draws angels anear.
 O Child-God ! now
 Trembling before that humble crib I bow.

While earth has power from heaven to bring
 My King to want and cold and woe,
 Heaven holds no longer anything
 To keep me from that world below.
 My wings shall shield Thy Baby-head ;
 Thee will I follow everywhere ;
 Beneath Thy tiny feet I'll fling
 The sweetest flowers and most fair.

Oh, would some radiant star might fall,
 To form Thy cradle, Baby bright !
 Would I the dazzling snow could call,
 To be Thy curtains pure and white !
 Would all the lofty hills might bow
 In lowly homage at Thy feet !
 Oh, would the fields might bloom for Thee,
 Celestial blossoms heavenly sweet !

For all the flowers are smiles of God,
 Are distant echoes from His throne,
 Are notes that wander far abroad
 From that great harp He holds alone.
 Those notes of harmony divine
 Relate His goodness unto men,
 And in their melody combine
 To tell His saving love again.

O that sweet melody,
Exquisite harmony,
Silence of flowers !

Ye tell His greatness, His wonders, His powers !

Well know I, Jesu ! that Thy friends,
Thy dearest friends, are *living flowers*.
Thou travellest to earth's farthest ends,
To cull them for heaven's fadeless bowers.
Souls are the flowers with beauty rife
That draw Thee from the heaven's high ;
Thy tiny hand first gave them life,
And for them, for them, Thou wilt die.

Mystery ineffable !
Thou, Word adorable,
Surely shalt one day weep
When Thou the harvest of those flowers shalt reap.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOLY FACE.

Air: *L'encens divin*.

Yes, from the morning of Thy days, dear Child !
Thy blessed Face is bathed in burning tears.
Those tears upon that Face all undefiled
Still shall flow on throughout Thy earthly years.

O Face divine !
So fair Thou art
From angel eyes
The glories of the skies depart.

Under its veil of anguish sore and dread,
I see Thy loveliness all charms above ;
In Thy worn, pallid Face, O Jesu dead !
I see Thy child-face in its perfect love.

For pain to Thee, my Jesus ! was so dear
That even Thy Baby-eyes the future saw,
And longed to drink the chalice deep and drear ;
Thy very dreams could Thee to Calvary draw.

O wonderful dream !
 Thou Child of a day,
 From Thy face but one beam
 Thrills my heart with its ray.

THE ANGEL OF THE RESURRECTION.

Air : Noël ! Noël ! laeta voce Noël !

Angel of man's Redeemer ! weep no more.
 I come with comfort for sad hearts and sore.

This Child shall yet gain
 All men's hearts as their King ;
 He shall arise and reign
 Almighty, triumphing.

O God ! concealed in childish guise before us,
 I see Thee glorious,
 O'er all things victorious.

I shall roll back the great tomb's rocky door,
 I shall behold Thy lovely face once more,
 And I shall sing,
 And I shall then rejoice,
 When I shall see my King,
 And hear again His voice.

Thy childish eyes, though dim to-night with tears,
 Shall shine with heavenly light throughout the eternal years.

O Word of God !
 Thy speech, like burning flame,
 Shall sound one day abroad,
 And all Thy love proclaim.

THE ANGEL OF THE EUCHARIST.

Air : Par les chants les plus magnifiques.

Gaze on, dear Angel, heavenward-flown,
 Gaze, while our King ascends on high ;
 But I, to seek His altar-throne,
 Down to the distant earth will fly.
 Veiled in His Eucharist I see
 The Almighty Lord, the Undeiled,
 The Master of all things that be,
 More tiny than the humblest child.

Here will I dwell in this blest place,
 The sanctuary of my King ;
 And here, before His veiled face,
 My hymns of ardent love will sing.
 Here, to my heaven-strung angel-lyre,
 My praise I'll chant, by night, by day,
 To Him, the Feast for saint's desire,
 To Him, the sinner's hope and stay.

Would that by miracle, I too
 Could feed upon this heavenly bread ;
 Could taste that Blood forever new,
 That Blood which was for all men shed !
 At least, with some pure longing soul,
 I'll share my fires of love divine,
 That so, all fearless, glad and whole,
 It may approach its Lord and mine.

THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Air du Noël (d'Adam).

Soon shall the awful day of judgment come,
 This wicked world shall feel the avenging flame ;
 All men shall hear pronounced their endless doom,
 And these to bliss shall pass, and those to shame.
 Then shall we see our God in glory bright,
 No longer hidden in this cradle small ;
 Then shall we sing His triumph after fight,
 And then proclaim Him Lord and King of all.

As stars shine out when the wild storms are passed,
 His eyes shall shine, now veiled in blood and tears ;
 And His eternal loveliness at last
 Appear again after these anguished years.
 Upon the clouds our Jesus shall be borne,
 Beneath the standard of the cross on high ;
 And evil men who hailed Him once in scorn
 Shall know their awful Judge is drawing nigh.

Ah, ye shall tremble, habitants of earth !
 Ah, ye shall tremble on that final day,
 No longer able to withstand the worth
 Of this dear Child, the God of love to-day.

For you He chose to tread the path of pain,
 Seeking your hearts alone, to Him so dear :
 But when at last He comes to earth again,
 How shall ye quail before His face in fear !

ALL THE ANGELS, with the exception of THE ANGEL OF THE LAST
 JUDGMENT.

Air: O Cœur de notre amiable Mère.

O Jesu, deign to hear the prayer,
 That we, Thy Angels offer Thee !
 Thy people save, Thy people spare,
 Thou who didst come the world to free !

With Thy small hand avert this dart,
 Appease this Angel with the sword ;
 Save every meek and contrite heart
 That seeks Thy mercy, dearest Lord !

THE CHILD JESUS.

Air: Petit oiseau, dis, où vas tu ?

My faithful Angels, tried and true,
 Far from the heavenland of your birth !
 Hear for the first time speak to you
 The Eternal Word made Man on earth !

I love you well, O spirits pure !
 Angels from heaven's high courts above !
 Yet men I love with love as sure,
 Yea, with an everlasting love.

I made their infinite desires,
 Their souls were made at My decree ;
 A heart that kindles with My fires
 Becomes a heaven on earth for Me.

The Angel of the Infant Jesus asks Him to gather upon earth
 an abundant harvest of innocent souls, before they have been
 tainted with the impure breath of sin.

ANSWER OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Dear Angel of My childhood's hours !
 I grant the answer to thy prayer.

Many shall be the innocent flowers
I will preserve all lily-fair.

Yes, I will cull those blossoms gay,
Fresh with their pure baptismal dew ;
And they shall bloom in endless day,
In ecstasy forever new.

Their fair corollas, silvery bright,
More brilliant than a thousand fires,
Shall be the Milky Way of light
'Mid all the starry heavenly choirs.

I must have lilies for My crown,—
The lily of the field am I !
And I must have to grace My throne,
A sheaf of lilies in the sky.

The Angel of the Holy Face asks Pardon for Sinners.

ANSWER OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Thou who dost gaze upon My face
In ecstasy of seraph love,
Leaving for love of it thy place
Of glory in My heaven above !

Thy prayer I hear, I grant thy plea.
Each soul that on My name shall call
Shall find relief, shall be set free
From sin's dark curse, from Satan's thrall.

Thou who dost seek to honor here
My blood, My passion, My bruised face :
Learn now this mystery, angel dear !
Each soul that suffers shares thy grace.

The radiance of its pain borne now,
In heaven upon thy face shall shine ;
The martyr's halo decks thy brow,
His glory shall be drawn from thine.

The Angel of the Eucharist asks what he can do to console
our Lord for the ingratitude of men.

ANSWER OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Dear Angel of the Eucharist !

Thou, thou dost charm Me every hour ;
Thy song, by heaven's own breezes kissed,
Over My suffering soul hath power.

Ah, the great thirst of My desires !

I crave, I crave, the hearts of men.
Dear Angel, melt them with thy fires,
And win them to My Heart again !

Would each anointed priest might be
Like Seraphim beyond the skies,
What time he comes to offer Me
My pure and holy Sacrifice !

To work such miracle of grace,
It needs must be that night and day,
Souls near the altar seek a place
To watch and suffer, weep and pray.

The Angel of the Resurrection asks what will become of the poor exiled ones left on earth when the Saviour shall have ascended into heaven.

ANSWER OF THE CHILD JESUS.

Back to My Father I shall go,
Thither to draw the men I love ;
And heaven's long bliss they then shall know,
When I shall welcome them above.

When the last hour of time appears,
My flock shall come again to Me ;
And I shall be, for endless years,
Their Light, their Life, their Ecstasy.

THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Goodness supreme ! and dost Thou then forget
Sinners must meet at last the doom decreed ?
Dost Thou forget, in Thy great love, that yet
Their number is nigh infinite indeed ?

At the last judgment I shall punish crime,
 Evil before My wrath shall shrink and bow ;
 My sword is ready . . . Jesu ! 'tis the time.
 My sword is ready to avenge Thee now.

THE CHILD JESUS.

Great Angel, turn aside thy sword !
 I am the Messenger of Peace.
 The nature taken by thy Lord
 'Tis not thy work to judge. O cease !

'Tis I shall judge the human race,
Jesus my name, all names above.
 I grant My elect ones boundless grace.
 For men I died, and I am Love !

Dost thou not know that, every day,
 The blasphemies of faithless lips
 Before one love-glance pass away,
 And find therein assured eclipse ?

The souls I choose, the souls I spare,
 Shall reign in glory like the sun.
 'Tis mine own life I give them there,
 And they and I shall there be one.

THE ANGEL OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Air: Dieu de paix et d'amour.

Before Thee, Child divine, the Cherubim bow lowly,
 Lost in amaze as they Thy love all boundless see.
 Fain would we die like Thee, on Calvary's summit holy,
 Fain would we die like Thee !

REFRAIN.

Sung by all the Angels.

How great the bliss of man, Thy low and humble creature.
 In ecstasy would fain Thy seraphs undefiled
 Put off, O Jesu sweet ! their grand angelic nature,
 Would fain become a child !

The mission of the writer of the above simple and exquisite lines was to teach loving trust and confidence to souls,—the path of love and trust and simplicity that she followed, “*ma petite voie*” as she called it. It was her great grace. When asked what she wished to teach to souls, she answered: “It is the way of confidence and of complete abandonment. I want to point out to them the little experiments that have succeeded so perfectly in my own endeavors; to tell them that there is just one single thing to do here below: to cast at Jesus’ feet the flowers of little sacrifices, to win Him by our caresses!” This same childlike innocence went down into deep water, and exclaimed joyously: “For a long time, suffering has become my heaven on earth!” May such gifts come to us for our Christmas joys!

SUSAN L. EMERY.

Cambridge, Mass.

CLOISTERED.

A PART from Passion’s passing sweets,
 Aloof from Earth’s mad noise of names,
 Her life is lit by mystic flames,
 Thro’ all her being Heaven beats.

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

Washington, D. C.

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Science and Psychical Research.—In the recently published memoirs of Simon Newcomb, one of America's most distinguished astronomers, there is a very interesting expression of opinion with regard to psychical research, which shows the conclusion that a very practical man of science came to respecting the subject, when brought into intimate relation with it. As Mr. Newcomb is known to be a man of wide scientific sympathies and broad views, this opinion must have impressive weight. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1884, a section of the Association was organized, which was intended to devote itself to the investigation of questions of psychical research. It may be said that at that time the Psychical Research Society of London was publishing results with regard to experimental work in its line that seemed to promise beyond all doubt to make this subject a real scientific department. As the President of the new section for Psychical Research, Mr. Simon Newcomb was chosen. He had considerable experience at the time, and has watched the publications on the subject ever since. His opinion calmly expressed after years of deliberation is as follows:

“On accepting this position of President of the section on Psychical Research, my first duty was to make a careful study of the publications of the parent society in England with a view to learning their discoveries. The result was far from hopeful. I found that the phenomena brought out lacked that coherence and definiteness which is characteristic of scientific truth. Remarkable effects had been witnessed, but it was impossible to say, ‘Do so and so, and you will get such an effect.’ The best that could be said was, ‘Perhaps you will get an effect, but more likely you will not.’

“I could not feel any assurance that the Society with all its diligence had done more than add to the mass of mistakes, misapprehensions of facts, exaggerations, illusions, tricks and coincidences of which human history is full.”

Fifteen years have elapsed since the delivery of that presidential address, yet after that time Mr. Newcomb declares that neither the Psychical Research Society of England, nor any of those interested in the subject in this country, nor any one else has settled in the slightest degree the most elementary of all the questions involved in the subject which they undertook to study.

Leprosy and Fish-Eating.—There has been considerable discussion in the daily press and in certain of the weekly journals in the last few months about the possible influence of fish-eating on the spread of leprosy. A distinguished English physician, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, insists that leprosy is always due to the eating of tainted fish. The disease, he proclaims, always occurs near the seacoast of countries, being especially prevalent in Norway and along the coast of India, and certain parts of Africa, and in all cases the custom of the inhabitants in eating fish that has been caught for several days or even longer, and kept without any preserving process, can be traced. In a letter to the *London Times* not very long ago Mr. Hutchinson sprang a great surprise by asserting that he had facts to prove that the fastdays enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church are, in many parts of the world, conducive to the spread of leprosy, and that during the Middle Ages, and at the present day, the chief responsible cause of this awful disease is the law of abstinence from flesh meat. He confesses that the Church has always been very zealous in its care for the poor leper, but feels bound to add that by the irony of fate it has inadvertently been producing in a thousand places new objects for its own charity.

It is easy to understand that this sort of an accusation has been freely discussed by newspapers all over the world. The question of course mainly depends on whether fish-eating is really the cause of leprosy. The present writer remembers hearing, while attending, as official correspondent for a number of American medical journals, the Leprosy Conference held in Berlin in 1897, a paper by Mr. Hutchinson on this subject of the connection between fish and leprosy. All the great medical authorities on leprosy were present at that conference. Not one of them agreed with Mr. Hutchinson's expressed views. Many of the most prominent leprosy experts declared decisively against it. Doctor

Hansen, of Norway, the discoverer of the bacillus of leprosy, declared that he had for a long time studied the subject without any evidence of the occurrence of lepra-bacilli in fish, fresh or decayed. He had never found any trace of it. He is sure that all the cases deduced by Mr. Hutchinson can be explained on the theory of contagion. Dr. Patrick Manson, who is one of the best authorities on the diseases of Eastern countries, considers the salt fish theory of the origin of leprosy absolutely untenable. William Hynsey, the distinguished Indian medical authority, declares that dried fish is used universally all over the island of Ceylon, while leprosy is confined to a few scattered villages along the coast.

Recently there has been a further discussion of this subject reported in the London *Lancet*. All of the prominent authorities spoke as to the cause of leprosy, but not even one of them agree with Mr. Hutchinson's views as to the connection between fish and leprosy. An India physician present brought with him the statistics of 102 lepers in India who had never tasted fish in their lives. As a matter of fact, as had been pointed out, leprosy is more common in almost exclusively rice-eating countries than in any others. At the recent conference on the subject Mr. Hutchinson expressed the opinion that the presence of the lepra-bacillus in the fish must be the crucial test of his theory. He admitted, however, that so far it had never been discovered in fish, though he lived in daily expectation that it would be discovered there. For nearly twenty years now Mr. Hutchinson has expressed this same lively expectation, and it still remains unfulfilled; while all of his colleagues in the study of cutaneous diseases have given up hope of any such discovery and simply laugh at Mr. Hutchinson's views.

In his letter to *The Times* Mr. Hutchinson suggested that the reason for the practical disappearance of leprosy from England since the Reformation was the non-observance of abstinence days, which came in with the new religious regime. As was suggested by a recent article in *The Month* (London), Dr. Hutchinson should have noted that leprosy has disappeared from all the rest of Europe, from the fish-eating Catholic countries as well as from England. Leprosy began to disappear from England as the result of

the segregation of the lepers in special lazarettos erected for them. Segregation is accepted at the present time as the only means of preventing the spread of the disease, and as these leprosy hospitals were all under the ecclesiastical authorities, it was the charity of the Church that brought about the disappearance of the disease. As a matter of fact, it seems probable that many of the diseases called leprosy during the Middle Ages were really not this affection at all, but were other chronic skin diseases, which, owing to the insufficient knowledge of the times, were considered very dangerously contagious, the subjects of them being segregated from the rest of the community. It is a better knowledge of skin diseases, and the better sanitary conditions and better food, of advancing civilization, and not the non-observance of days of abstinence, that have brought about the disappearance of leprosy in all civilized countries.

One very interesting contention of Mr. Hutchinson that we cannot refrain from commenting on, because of the ready retort it suggests, is his citation of the number of lepers in Colombia, South America, as proving that the law of fish-eating in Catholic countries makes for increase of leprosy. Catholic Colombia has 70 lepers per 10,000, while Mohammedan India has only 6 per 10,000. Hence the influence of the Church regulation as to abstinence is clear, says Mr. Hutchinson. Unfortunately for his argument he does not know that the Spanish-speaking people are not under the obligation of abstinence at all, and are quite as free, so far as the Church regulation goes, to eat meat as often as their Protestant brethren. The Colombians do not keep Friday as a day of abstinence at all!

Helium and Radium.—Just at the end of the last scholastic year Professor William Ramsay, one of the most distinguished of English physicists and well-known for recent acute observations with regard to the composition of atmospheric air, announced that he had succeeded in determining that certain of the radiations from the surprising metal radium, were capable of transmutation directly into the element helium. In a recent lecture before the London Institution for Sciences he announces that this transmutation is definitely determined, and that there can be no doubt about it. Professor Ramsay caught some of the heavy gas given

off by radium and, having subjected it to spectrum analysis, found that it displays the characteristic yellow lines of helium.

This discovery may be of the greatest possible significance, and may only be a manifestation of a very ordinary chemical process, but one which will require a new hypothesis as to the relationships of radium and helium to one another and their existence as elementary bodies. If both of them are true elements, and there is a real transmutation of one into another, then, at last, we have reached the point in chemistry long anticipated by modern chemists, at which the theory of the existence of from 70 to 80 separate elementary substances will have to be given up. There is practically no one now who believes that there is this indefinite number of elements; but all chemical investigators accept it as a working hypothesis.

It would, indeed, be interesting if helium should be involved in this new development of chemical science. Already once in the history of the metal it has represented a definite turning-point in chemical knowledge. When the spectroscope was invented and used for the purpose of discovering the constitution of the sun and the stars, the characteristic lines of a metal were found which had never been observed as existing in any terrestrial substances. This was considered to be a metal characteristic to the sun, and was called helium (from the Greek name for sun), the idea being that it would probably never be found on the earth.

Later it was found, however, to exist in minute quantities in certain terrestrial substances, thus completing the demonstration that the material universe even in its most distant parts was composed of absolutely the same substances.

Of course, the present observations may not have the far-reaching significance that is suggested for them. Neither helium nor radium may be true elements, but merely compounds containing certain elementary substances in common. There is more than a suspicion now that radium, at least, is a complex rather than an elementary substance. On the other hand, helium and radium may be allotropic modifications of the same substance, having very different physical qualities with absolute community of chemical composition. Such allotropism is not uncommon, even ordinary sulphur existing under three different forms; phos-

phorus under two, one of which is used for safety matches; and carbon under three,—the familiar diamonds, charcoal, and graphite. Long ago Sir Robert Boyle insisted that there is only “one universal matter of things.” This recent discovery may be the first step in a simplification of chemistry that will have the greatest possible significance, and may even bring about the transmutation of metals, so long sought for by the alchemists. If it does, however, far from cheapening the precious metals, it may prove so expensive to manufacture them in commercial quantities that, like artificial diamonds, the process may never become suitable for practical application in the arts.

Difficulties in Wireless Telegraphy.—There are many rather obviously suggestive and alluring announcements at the present time of the possibilities of great profits in investments in wireless telegraphy. There is one very serious difficulty that has not yet been solved. It has been claimed that messages can be kept secret by proper tuning of station instruments, so that they are sensitive only to each other and to certain types of electrical waves. This claim, however, has not been substantiated in practice so far. A rather amusing demonstration of this fact occurred the other day in London in an attempt on the part of a distinguished electrician to show how completely he had solved this serious problem. He claimed that the instrument at the distant station and the one at which he was receiving the message were so attuned to each other that, except by chance, happy accident, or by some inside information, it would be impossible for any outsider to catch the message or disturb the signals that were being sent, by substituting or adding to them from another station. Unfortunately for him, in the midst of his talk, another wireless operator who had been catching his message, and who knew well the professor's pet theories in the matter, “butted in” during the demonstration, with the expression “Rats,” which all the practical telegraphers in the room could catch, to their own great amusement, and to the confusion of the professor.

The possible profits of wireless telegraphy have, from another point of view, been so thoroughly exploited by anticipation that it is doubtful if there is any fortune left even in successful wireless telegraphy for outsiders. Since the day of the Morse Telegraph

and the Bell Telephone a new science has been developed, that of the promotion of syndicates, and the capitalization of industrial enterprises on the basis of estimated profits. This new science has proved a lucrative investment for a few insiders, but a losing investment for most of those who are presumably "let in on the ground-floor."

It must not be forgotten that the question of patent rights in wireless telegraphy has yet to be tried out before the courts. General Greeley, the Arctic explorer and himself an authoritative scientist, announced not long since that the first wireless message ever sent at sea, was sent by the United States Government Coast Service Department, from Fire Island to the Fire Island lightship. This successful transmission of a wireless message antedates Marconi's work by a considerable period of time. In England there is another system of wireless telegraphy besides Marconi's that has become very prominent. Prospective investors then need to be very wary of buying wireless stock just yet.

Studies and Conferences.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEFINITION OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The S. Congregation of Rites recommends that special devotions in honor of the Immaculate Conception be held in all churches and chapels during the present year, as a preparation for the solemn celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Definition of the Dogma.

For this purpose the Holy Father grants the following liturgical privileges to churches and chapels in which the aforesaid devotions are held publicly on the eighth day of each month, or (wherever legitimate reasons prevent this) on the Sunday immediately following, beginning with December 8, 1903, until December 8, 1904:

That one votive Mass of the Immaculate Conception be celebrated (solemn or low), enjoying the same privileges which have been accorded to votive Masses in honor of the Sacred Heart, celebrated on the first Friday of each month; that is to say, a votive Mass of the Immaculate Conception, having *Gloria* and *Credo* and *one oration* only, may be celebrated on any day except doubles of I Class, or Sunday of I Class, or a feast of the Blessed Virgin, or a privileged ferial, vigil, or octave. On these last-mentioned days to be excepted, the oration of the votive Mass is to be added to the oration of the day, under one conclusion.

Moreover, the Holy Father grants that in those churches and chapels where the aforesaid devotions are performed on the eighth day of the month (or, for good reasons, on the following Sunday), besides the one privileged Mass, a Commemoration of the Immaculate Conception may be added in the ordinary Masses, according to the rubrics to be observed in commemorations of simplified double feasts.

THE PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Qu. Not long ago we had a mission. Some time after it a young man who had attended the sermons especially addressed to Protestants,

came to ask for baptism and reception into the Church. I catechised him. He had never been baptized, and hence there was no necessity for a confession. As he was both evidently sincere and quite intelligent, I baptized him after a brief course of instruction, feeling that later on I could give him more of my time and prepare him carefully for First Communion.

As he was only seventeen years of age and lived with his employer in the town, it never occurred to me that he could be married. But later on, when he came faithfully every evening to the instruction of the Christian doctrine, and I explained to him among other things the duties imposed by the different states of life, he said to me: "Father, I have not told you that I am married."—"Why," I said, "you are not of legal age; and how old is your wife?"—"She is thirteen," he replied, "and lives with her parents until we can have a holding of our own, which father thinks might be in two or three years from now."—"Then your parents know of the marriage?"—"Yes, oh yes, they made us promise."—"How long ago?"—"About a year ago—before I went to town to work with Mr. N——, who is a friend of my father's. We had a regular wedding, though there was no minister, because my father don't believe in the preacher who lives near our farm. The old folks wanted us to be as good as married. They said we could not yet live together or keep house until we were three years older, but the engagement could be made, so as to bind us, because we suited each other. We were neighbors ever since I remember, and Kitty and I always said we would be man and wife. I hardly ever saw any other girl that I cared for, and so we were both content. Father is building a house on the dividing line of our farm, where we are going to live, and the folks will give us one-third of the ground, and when they die we will have it all."

"And are you both perfectly satisfied with the arrangement?"

"I am, but I sometimes think Kitty isn't. She says she likes me very well, but she don't know whether she really loves me, since I turned Catholic. It is her mother who dislikes it most; though I told her she ought to be glad that I meant to be really good now; and a man can't be thoroughly good if he has no religion. My father himself thinks I did right if I felt that way, and says he knows a Catholic priest from Georgia whom he likes better than any minister, but he wasn't brought up that way himself."

"Does Kitty's mother go to any church?"—"Yes, she is a good woman and has more religion than any of our folks; but the Method-

ist church don't suit her, and she only goes there on Christmas. She was brought up a Quaker, I think."

"Was Kitty ever baptized?"

"No, I believe not, for I heard mother say once that none of the Quakers baptize their children, and Kitty's father has no religion at all; just like my father, though I think father would go to church if he were'n't so down on the minister and deacons, who, he says, are frauds. He has a Bible and sometimes reads it, and he won't let the farm hands work on Sunday, nohow."

I told the boy to find out for certain on his next visit home, whether Kitty had ever been baptized, and whether she really thinks that she is married, or whether she only promised—thinking that she could change her mind. To this latter injunction the lad replied: "I am sure she thinks we are tied for good and all, for she said so the day I left home, and that she would darn all my socks and tend to ever g every day just as if I were to come home in the evening and say: 'Kitty,—wife, has everything in the house been alright, and do you want kindling-wood? And I'll be good if you be.' It almost made me cry the way she said it."

Now it is possible that in view of the boy having become a Catholic, the girl under the influence of the mother may be inclined to retract her consent during the next three years. Is this contract between a boy of sixteen and a girl of twelve to be regarded as a *promise* of marriage which might be rescinded for serious cause and by mutual understanding when both come to the legal age, or is it a valid marriage? What if the girl were to refuse to live with her converted husband? Would he be obliged thereafter to lead a celibate life, without any hope of rrying again unless she should die in the meantime, or could a dispensation be had from Rome on the ground that the marriage was never consummated? An explicit answer would greatly oblige.

DUBITANS.

Resp. From the given circumstances it appears that the marriage of the two young people was valid.

They both had sufficient intelligence at the time when they made the contract, to realize its main obligations, and both had the will, without any serious compulsion, to bind themselves to the fulfilment of the duties which the marriage state involves. The fact that they did not use the right to cohabit which this contract gave them, does not annul its obligatory force, since a

marriage need not be consummated in order to be valid, so long as the freedom to exercise the marriage rights at any future time is not limited or excluded.

Since the mutual acceptance of the contract, ratified before witnesses, was not merely a promise to accept the contract at some future time, but a present surrender of their respective rights, it follows that there was a marriage, which is much more than an engagement (*sponsalia*).

Such a marriage, contracted between two unbaptized persons, is a natural contract, and is valid in the eyes of the Church. It is a permanent bond, such as existed from the beginning in the order of nature, and which was ordained by God that the propagation and education of the human species might be safeguarded by the care of the family and the well-ordered formation of society.

This natural bond was in the course of time ennobled and stamped with a sacramental character which added new graces to the marriage state. But the new title of nobility and merit which God added to the marriage state by raising it to a sacramental rite (receiving the special benefits of His redeeming act), involved obligations of special service under the Christian dispensation. The members who were to benefit by the sacramental act were pledged to honor Christ in their marriage life as bound together "in Christ and in the Church."

For those who were still unbaptized, and had not accepted the yoke of Christ, the old natural contract stood as heretofore in its primitive validity. But if, by the conversion of one of the parties to the faith of Christ, there should arise a conflict between the rights imparted under the old order, and the rights of Christ's children under the New Law, then the old order should have to yield. Hence, if two parties outside the pale of Christ, that is to say, not baptized in Christ, contracted marriage, they were bound by the natural law. But if one of them accepted the call of Christ to a higher life, and the other party opposed such a call, making the service of Christ an impossibility for his consort in marriage, then Christ would vindicate the claim to the right of a soul wishing to serve Him, and annul a contract which could only militate against the happiness for which He created and redeemed man.

For God is master of the Natural Law, which He has made for the good of His creatures, and He can rescind a contract which He has sanctioned only for the benefit of His creatures and for His own glory.

And we are assured that God does so annul a contract of marriage made in the natural order, whenever it operates against the efforts of a soul desirous of adopting the faith and service of Christ, by the Apostle of the Gentiles, who had to deal with married converts from infidelity to Christianity. And this doctrine the Church applies in exceptional cases for the protection of the faith of Christ in her children. By it she declares that if one member of a couple who were married in infidelity (both parties being unbaptized) should embrace the Christian faith by receiving baptism, and the other party should refuse to cohabit peacefully and without reviling the religion of the Christian consort, then the converted party may obtain a bill of divorce, which annuls the marriage; and this is called the

THE PAULINE PRIVILEGE.

It is a dispensation from the bond of marriage contracted in the natural order, based upon a passage in the first Epistle to the Corinthians 7: 12:

"If any brother has a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away.—And if any woman hath a husband that believeth not, and he consent to dwell with her, let her not put away her husband.—For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband; otherwise your children should be unclean, but now they are holy.—*But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart. For a brother or sister is not under servitude in such cases. But God has called us in peace.*"

The application of this dispensation from the bond of a marriage which was valid in the natural order demands the following conditions:

1. That the infidel party refuse to cohabit with the converted party; or whilst not absolutely refusing to cohabit, does yet constantly revile the Creator in whose faith the converted party has been baptized. This fact must be established by documentary

evidence. Therefore the Christian party who wishes to obtain a declaration from the Church that the marriage is dissolved must make a testified appeal to the infidel party asking whether :

2. He or she be willing to accept the Christian faith, or if not that, whether he or she is willing to live peacefully with the converted party, neither reviling the Christian religion nor preventing its free exercise on the part of the Christian consort. This is called

INTERPELLATION.

From what has been said it must be clear that

1. The marriage in the above given circumstances is valid.
2. That if the girl is willing either to adopt the faith of her husband, or to allow him its full exercise without reviling or interfering, the marriage remains valid.
3. That if she refuses the above conditions absolutely, the young man is free to obtain a divorce annulling the marriage, after he has made the *Interpellation*.

There is no necessity of obtaining any further dispensation of the *matrimonium ratum non consummatum* from the Pope. The young man would be free to marry again ; but he must marry a baptized Christian.

It would probably be unwise to tell the boy of the possibility of a separation, until developments were to show that the girl is not willing to embrace the faith of her husband or to tolerate it.

THE PEDIGREE OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

The recently published prize-offer of Miss Gould for the best essays setting forth the relative merits of the Catholic and Protestant English translations of the Bible, has called forth an expression of views from the Rev. Dr. James Fox, Secretary of the American Bible Society, regarding the attitude of the Catholic Church toward Scriptural study by the people. We intend no offence when we direct attention to his words printed in the public journals, as perhaps showing better than argument or incrimination could do, the limitations of sound judgment to which the professional reader of the Sacred Scriptures is led when he makes the basis of sectarianism his viewpoint of the Church.

It is well known to scholars of Scriptural bibliography that there were translations of the Bible in the vernacular before either Wyclif or Tyndale attempted such; and that the charge against Wyclif and Tyndale was not the fact that they translated the Bible (which would have honored them), but that they used the translated Bible to establish a religious socialism akin to the anarchistic socialism in the political order of our day. That is the sole charge for which the Catholic authorities can be held responsible in judicially condemning these men, who were zealous and perhaps sincere enough, but whose zeal, like that of most self-constituted reformers, was not according to wisdom. And as a civil government may legislate against and even coerce into submission public fomenters of strife (who claim a direct and uncontrolled mission from God to say and do what they deem just), if they disturb the public order, so will the Church, which exercised a more directive power in those times upon the government than it does in a purely secular age like ours, be recognized as having used a legitimate and freely conceded right to censure and to punish. And if anyone asks for an explanation of the barbarity that accompanied such enactments, let him study the social conditions of those times, and compare them with popular outbursts of wrath against some negro criminal who acts out in a moment of passionate frenzy the animal instincts, which thousands of men follow only in colder blood and more cautiously but no less criminally, in modern society. It is the public sentiment against the principle of wrong which shows itself to-day against the practice of brutal lust, and that vented itself in former days against the corruption of a faith which animated every fibre of society, and produced with fewer external means the magnificent result of mediæval art and letters, not to speak of public beneficence.

Dr. Fox tells his readers that the Romanist position, as stated by its most intellectual opponents, may be summed up in the following sentence: "Never translate the Scriptures into the 'barbarous tongues' (such as English) unless you are driven by your Protestant adversaries to do so." This conclusion he reasons out of the words used in the preface of the Catholic Douay Version made some thirty years before the King James authorized translation.

The words which Dr. Fox cites from the preface are there; but the impression which their use by him is obviously meant to make is false, as false as a lie from the lips of a man who chants the words of the Psalmist: "I abhor lying but love Thy law." What he means to say, and in effect says, we can hardly misstate. It is this: The Catholic Church does not favor the reading of the Bible, because it is a testimony against her traditional teaching and practices. She cannot repudiate the Bible, but she will give it as spiritual food only when forced by the appeal of her enemies.

As the question of the reading of the Bible in our secular schools is one claiming public attention just now in a very decided manner, we are not to be thought over-sensitive if we repudiate the misrepresentation of men whose voice is heard, and unfortunately believed, by thousands of good men among whom it kindles resentment against the imaginary position of the Church, but at the same time against the real conditions of peaceful Catholics who seek truly the Kingdom of God.

The attitude of the Catholic Church, that is to say, of her authoritative representatives, and the most intelligent exponents in her fold, toward the use and study of the Bible is this:

1. The Church holds the Scriptures (uncorrupted) in the highest reverence, as the true words of God, inspired and therefore substantially unalterable. This belief she emphasizes by her consistent and uncompromising opposition to that particular Biblical criticism which denies the Apostolic origin and Divine inspiration of the New Testament, and the inspiration and substantial authenticity of the Old Testament.

2. This reverence the Church has formulated into a monumental and practical influence underlying all her doctrine and discipline from the days of Clement of Rome and Polycarp, the disciples of the evangelists, down to our own time of the pontificates of Leo XIII and Pius X. All her theological text-books from first to last, in any land or language, give preëminence of proof in argument for demonstration of her doctrines, and the wisdom of her discipline, to the words of Scripture. Her tradition, her conciliar decrees, her liturgical practices are all subordinate to, and chiefly rest upon, the Bible.

3. The Church alone, of all Christian denominations the world over, maintains a daily service of the Mass and Breviary, in which the Bible is read aloud by every ordained officer in the Church and by countless members of Religious Orders, who draw thence the spiritual sustenance for the continuance of their endless ministry of charity and instruction.

These facts admit of no exception, whether of place or time or person, unless physical or moral necessity intervene for a time. There may be irreverence, there may be the baneful barrenness of routine, but will any thoughtful man or woman deny that a Church with such a system of Bible culture, which constitutes the very essence of her traditional life, can possibly wish to minimize the really useful influence of Bible reading as a factor in forming both the faith and morals of her children? Nor has there ever been a Catholic school where children did not learn the Bible history that might teach them to see in the inspired records a help to holy living; nay, popular life among the Catholic peasantry of Catholic Europe bears witness how deeply the facts of the Bible, the Old and the New Testaments, have taken hold upon the love of the people. The Passion plays are older than the so-called Reformation, and they have maintained themselves rather in spite of it.

But the Catholic Church, whilst she has, systematically and without interruption, fostered the practical study of the Bible by those who teach her children, and those whose intelligent understanding of the Christian doctrine warrants a just appreciation of the written Revelation in its entirety, also realizes the one danger that essentially inheres in the indiscriminate exercise of interpretation.

That danger is not an imagination. It is a warning that comes to us from the inspired pages no less than from daily experience of which teachers like Mr. Dowie, and in this case Dr. Fox also, give us object-lessons. St. Peter, whom the Catholic Church honors as her first Pontiff and Vicar of Christ, and whom the Protestant translators of the New Testament still acknowledge as titular author of the two Epistles which bear his name in the English Bibles, admonishes the Christian converts that they should heed what his "beloved brother Paul" had taught them. But he deems it his office likewise to warn them concerning the reading

of certain parts of these writings which, though inspired by God, may become a stumbling-block to the unlearned. In these instructions, prompted by the divine wisdom, there are "*some things hard to be understood which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest unto their own destruction.*" (I am quoting the words of the Protestant Revised Version, II Peter 3 : 16, 17.) And lest they misunderstand him as though he referred only to certain writings of the Apostle of the Gentiles, he adds the words, "*as they do also with the other Scriptures.*" Against this misunderstanding he warns them, and thus stigmatizes the danger of private interpretation by the unlearned.

It is on this ground that the Catholic Church sought to safeguard the multitudes of the poor and unlettered which in all ages came under her special care, but most so when the arts of writing and reading were confined to the clergy. So long as the invention of printing had not yet come to the aid of the humble classes to facilitate the spread of useful knowledge, the reading of the Bible was naturally limited. Now the invention of printing happened at the very time when the reformers began to appeal to the Bible as the supreme interpreter of religious questioning and revelation ; and it was this fact which gave to the world the impression that never before had the Bible been translated. Let it be remembered that the first Bibles printed, and the first Bibles translated, were not the Protestant versions of either Wyclif or Tyn-dale, or Luther or King James, but Catholic versions intended for as large a circle of readers as was possible. It is true that the principle of the Reformation caused a more rapid multiplication of the printed editions of the Bible in the common language of the people, since the Bible alone became the source of faith and moral discipline for the multitudes that were drawn into the vortex of religious protest ; but it is also true that this multiplication soon became the source of endless divisions among religious people, because it was impossible to unite upon a consistent doctrinal basis even in matters of vital essence, if we allow the privilege of personal interpretation.

Or is it a matter still under dispute, whether those who profess to draw their doctrine from the Bible (any part of which may be questioned, even as Luther questioned the authenticity of the

Epistle of St. James which his co-reformers held to be inspired) can practically unite upon even such vital doctrines as the necessity of Baptism or the meaning of the Lord's Supper? On these things the leading exponents of Biblical Christianity have differed and still differ with endless variety of interpretation—all claiming to be led by a written revelation, which, if it has any purpose at all as the sole standard of faith, ought to unite those who are sincere.

Now if Dr. Fox were but to keep in view these and similar facts which for the scholar are verifiable at sight, he might have refrained from repeating the stories which he calls "matters of history," not indeed of critical history, but, like the more innocent legends of primitive days, stories to frighten the children away from Romanism.

If the Church or her ministers (who might indeed sin by excess of zeal as well as by lack of it) have ever censured the translators of the Bible, it was because they *mistranslated* it. Her clergy, as legally qualified teachers, had the task of translating the Bible for the people; and that they performed this task on the whole with fidelity is attested by the homiletic literature of the early and middle ages. But she would not allow self-appointed teachers to undertake the task when they showed any disposition to teach opposition to lawful authority, especially when they perverted the Sacred Text for the purpose of demonstrating their legal independence. What would our civil authorities, if they realized their responsibility to safeguard the sanctity of constitutional rights, do, if they found certain men of fair repute in business preach anarchism under a plea for socialist regeneration? They might let these men alone and merely warn the public against them. But if such demagogues, being public officers of the State, enjoying the prestige of government position, were to set about interpreting (and falsifying under the plea of interpreting) the clause of our Constitution which recognizes all men to be equal, by showing that this meant that no man has a right to own what his neighbor may not share, then we should probably approve certain authoritative measures calculated to discredit and coerce such propaganda of false principles.

And if it be true, which no man need thoughtfully deny, that zealots in the Catholic Church, feeling that they had a good cause,

at times went beyond the limits of just moderation, there are abundant examples of like indiscretion in all ages to show that the cruelty of fallen nature needs ever discipline of a reforming movement. And that discipline the Church has periodically exercised and enforced in her decrees and canons, which remedied the momentary excesses without turning them into opposite and equally dangerous directions.

It is in this spirit that the Douay translation of our Catholic Bible was made. The Preface to that translation is a transparent profession of faith regarding the value which the Catholic teaching and governing authority must ever set upon the Holy Scriptures. It would be well worth reproducing it here, if our space permitted. We have before us the copy of the New Testament printed by John Fogy in 1582—that is, nearly thirty years before the issue of the King James Bible. The controversial purpose of this edition, which had been begun by Gregory Martin at least four years earlier, as we know from an entry, October 16, 1578, in the Douay Diary, is plainly apparent from the Preface.

PURPOSE AND SCOPE OF THE CATHOLIC DOUAY VERSION.

(Printed in the English College at Rheims, 1582.)

The contents of the Preface to the Douay version are summed up in the following outline :

1. A translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongues is not absolutely necessary nor indiscriminately profitable. This stands to reason, since, except through the interpreters in the synagoga and Christian priesthood, the Bible, except in fragments, was not and could not have been known for centuries after the establishment of Christianity. To millions of professing Christians it could never have been known and was not known except as it was and is through the teaching of the Church, until the art of printing made books for the multitude possible. As to the absolute and indiscriminate reading, the words of St. Peter and the effect of Protestant divisions prove that it requires check and guidance.

2. "Not for these nor any such like causes doe we translate this sacred booke, but upon special consideration of the present time, state, and condition of our cuntry." And this condition is

"the indiscrete zeale of the popular and their factious leaders," who make plausible pretence of giving God's Word to the people, whereas they pervert its meaning. For the governors of holy Church, "to whom Christ hath given charge of our soules, have neither of old nor of late indiscriminately repudiated all vulgar versions of Scripture, nor have they at any time generally forbidden the faithful to reade the same."

3. Then follow some examples of translations in the vulgar languages of different nations, such as the Armenians, the Slavonians, the Italian and the French. "In our own countrie, notwithstanding the Latin tonge was ever (to use the Venerable Bede's words) common to all the provinces of the same for meditation or studie of Scriptures—yet they were extant in English even before the troubles that Wicleffe and his followers raised in our Church." And in proof of this the translators refer to some extant manuscripts as well as to the Constitutions of Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, "ina Council holden at Oxford," in which the provision is made that every translation thereafter made should have the approval of the Diocesan, lest it spread false doctrine among those who are too ignorant to verify the text by reference to the original.

4. These translations are to be used with discretion, for although "a true, faithful, and sincere translation," opposed to the current perversions of the text, is a necessity of the times, it is only they who are "humble, discrete and devout, and like to take much good, and no harme thereby" who should be encouraged to use it. So has it been at all times, and so have the Fathers of the Church, like Augustine and Gregory of Nazianzen, ever advised, even as had been the way of the Jews who were to learn the law of God from the lips of their priests.

5. The popular objections of withholding the Scriptures from the people are simply answered as suggested above, and the complaints of men like Calvin, who point out the contentions among the translators, are cited to enforce the Catholic argument.

6. Confidently the translators set forth their plea of religious care and sincerity observed in the Douay version. They follow the interpretations of the Christian Fathers, and give reasons for

the annotations by which erroneous reading of the original text is prevented.

7. They follow in the main the old Latin Vulgate, however, with due regard to the Greek, and they give excellent reasons for this course ; for though the older text was in the Greek tongue, it had greatly suffered by the carelessness or misinformed correctors of a later date who acted as copyists and critics. And Beza himself, censuring Erasmus for his rash criticisms of the Vulgate, attests this fact: "How unworthy and without cause (writes he) doth Erasmus blame the old interpreter as dissenting from the Greek? He dissented, I grant, from those Greek copies which he had gotten; but we have found not in one place that the same interpretation which he blameth is grounded upon the authority of the Greek copies, and those most ancient."

8. Finally, certain differences of translation are pointed out by way of exemplifying the introduction of false doctrine on the part of Luther and the reformers who undertook the task of translating. Then the translators conclude:

"Thus we have endeavoured by al meanes to satisfie the indifferent reader, and to helpe his understanding every way, both in the text, and by annotations; and withal to deale most sincerely before God and man, in translating and expounding the most sacred text of the holy Testament. Fare wel good Reader, and if we profit thee any whit by our poore paines let us for God's sake be partakers of thy devout praiers, and together with humble and contrite hart call upon our Saviour Christ to cease these troubles and stormes of his derest spouse."

WERE THE DOUAY TRANSLATORS RIGHT?

The Douay translation was made in 1580.

The various Protestant versions which preceded it, and the evil influence of which this translation was intended to correct, were those of Tyndale, Coverdale, Matthew, Taverner, Cranmer, Wittingham, Tomson, that published at Geneva in 1560, and the celebrated Bishop's Bible, a revision of the Great Bible made through Parker's instrumentality.

After the Douay translation had by comparison shown the errors of the above-mentioned versions, an *authorized* Version

was issued in 1611 by King James I, which shows the very decided influence which the Douay version exercised upon it, though the Protestant translators make, of course, no mention of their indebtedness.

Yet, though the authorized King James version used for nearly three hundred years in the Protestant churches of England, was greatly amended by comparison with the Douay version, which forced a certain recognition of previous mistranslations by the more zealous but less just reformers—what is the value of the authorized version when compared, by impartial judges, with the original text from which it departed (whilst it professed to follow it more closely) in order to demonstrate the reasons for repudiating the authority of the Ancient Church?

The answer is given by the forty-seven revisers of 1880, chosen from among the most learned Protestant divines in England and America. They make nearly 20,000 corrections in which the revision differs from the Authorized Version; of these probably ten per cent., if not more, are a clear and uncompromising return to the old Douay version, with an explicit recognition of the bias that had actuated the translators of the so-called Reformation. Of this anyone who honestly wishes may convince himself, and we hope to have occasion for further demonstration of the fact.

Thus the Douay version stands involuntarily as the model of correction for the two Protestant versions now in use by English-speaking Christians. The first is the Authorized Version of King James, which corrected the most glaring errors of the Lutheran imitators; the second is the late Revised Version of 1880, which eliminated several thousand errors from the King James version. Another revision may bring us back entirely to the old Douay version, which in some respects is now to be preferred to Dr. Challoner's revision of it made over a century ago, because the style of language seemed to demand a new version. But the English language has become better known even in its older forms, since the day of Challoner, who cared more for accuracy of rendering the original than for rhythm and language.

If Dr. Fox will read the quaint words of the Douay Preface, with these and similar facts in mind, and with less of the Bible Christian's narrow bias, he may discover in the outspoken sin-

cerity of the writers not a detestation but a genuine love of Holy Writ, and a necessary desire that its lessons for good should find response in every soul the whole world over.

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METHOD TO BE OBSERVED IN ORGANIZING NEW RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING THE VOWS.

96.—The examination of the novice by the Bishop or his delegate (mentioned above, n. 80) must precede the first making of vows. Hence the Ordinary is to be informed some time in advance by the Superior regarding the proposed profession. (n. 81).

97.—As will be noted hereafter, in the chapter on the vow of poverty, the novice must dispose of all her temporal goods before she makes her profession.

98.—The actual taking of the vows should be preceded by a spiritual retreat of ten days.

99.—The formula of profession must be inserted in the Constitutions. It is to state simply and clearly, and without superfluous wording, the fact that the nun makes to God the three simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, according to the Constitutions of the Institute, either for a time, or for ever, as the case may be.

100.—The space of time for which the vows are taken, must be explicitly stated in the formula by some such form of words as: *for one year, or for three years, or for ever.*

101.—The profession is, as it were, made into the hands of the Superior, or some Sister deputed by her, who receives it in the name of the Institute.

102.—A fourth vow is not allowed in newly founded Institutes.

103.—The three aforementioned vows are to be taken from year to year for at least three, but not more than six years.

104.—After the lapse of three years of annual vows, another triennial profession, according to the provisions of the Institute,

may be made. In this way the entire period of temporary vows can be extended to six years.

105.—When the time of the temporary vows prescribed in the Constitutions has elapsed, the Sister, if she be worthy, must be admitted to perpetual vows; if she is not worthy, she should be dismissed from the Institute.

106.—As soon as the period prescribed for temporary vows expires, the said vows should be renewed by each nun without delay, and publicly.

107.—A secret renewal of vows is not to be permitted, since public testimony of the act should be given. For this reason it is required that after each renewal of the vows here mentioned, a record of the same be made, signed by the Superior or her delegate, and also by the nun who renews her vows.

108.—This canonical (*juridical*) renewal of vows is to be distinguished from the renewal of vows which a Sister may make merely through *devotion*. The former should be made immediately upon the lapse of the date to which the public vows were previously made; the other can be made at any time and repeatedly in the course of the year, on the day or days fixed *ad libitum* in the Constitutions.

109.—What has hitherto been said on the making of vows, applies to religious of both sexes.

CHAPTER IX.

GENERAL RULES REGARDING THE VOWS.

110.—The Constitutions are to contain three distinct chapters regarding the vows, that is to say, one for each vow. In order that there may be no misunderstanding regarding the obligation imposed by the different vows, each of the chapters is to bear its distinct respective title, thus: *The Vow and the Virtue of Poverty*,—*The Vow and the Virtue of Chastity*,—*The Vow and the Virtue of Obedience*.

111.—The distinction between obligations imposed by the vow and the virtue of the same name, should be very clearly defined in these chapters.

112.—Dispensation from the three vows of poverty, chastity, and

obedience, whether taken only for a time or for life, in the Institutes here spoken of, is reserved to the Holy See. Hence it would be necessary to have recourse to the S. Congregation, if such dispensation is desired (Const. *Conditæ*, p. II, n. 2).

CHAPTER X.

REGARDING THE VOW AND THE VIRTUE OF POVERTY.

113.—By the simple vow of poverty the nuns renounce all right lawfully to dispose of any temporal object without leave from legitimate Superiors.

114.—The Sisters are thus debarred from personally retaining the administration of their own possessions of whatever kind.

115.—For this reason they are, before they take their first vows, to dispose of the use and profit of their income or of the interest accruing from their possessions, according to their own good pleasure; even, if they so choose, in favor of the Institute to which they attach themselves.

They must likewise, before making their first vows, hand over to some other person or persons as they deem best, the administration of their property; this too they may transfer to the Institute which they join, if they have made their offer in proper form accepted by the Institute.

116.—Such assignment of administration and interest ceases to have effect whenever the Sister leaves the Institute; for this purpose a clause which makes the act at any time revocable may be inserted in the instrument of transfer.

117.—To revoke an assignment of this kind, or to change its dispositions, requires, whilst the vows last, the permission of the Superior General of the Institute.

118.—The dispositions regarding the use and profit of property, and the appointment of an administrator, just mentioned, should be certified either before a notary public or by private witnesses.

119.—The professed retain the actual possession or right to their property (*radicale dominium*); they are in fact prohibited from relinquishing this dominion by any absolute transfer (*inter vivos*) before they have made perpetual vows.

120.—It is desirable, however, that each religious before she

makes her temporary vows, should with absolute freedom dispose of all her present and future possessions in case of her death, that is, by testament.

121.—The permission of the Apostolic See is required if any Sister, after she has made her perpetual vows, desires to assign all her property for good, that is, by free gift to any person or persons (*inter vivos*), so as to despoil herself of all rights to the same thereafter.

122.—Professed nuns require likewise the sanction of the Apostolic See, both for making and for changing their last wills or testaments; but in cases of urgency, the permission either of the Ordinary, or of the Superior General, or if need be of the local Superior will suffice.

123.—The Sisters are at liberty to comply with all requisite legal formalities, for which, however, they should obtain the permission of the Superior General, or, in case of urgency, at least the sanction of the local Superior.

124.—As regards any kind of property legitimately acquired by religious after they have made their vows, they should or may dispose of them in the same manner as is prescribed regarding possessions held by them before they made their first profession.

125.—The Sisters are not at liberty to dispose of the dowry which they have brought to the Institute.

126.—After having made their vows, the Sisters have no claims or reserve of property-right upon anything which they may have acquired by their industry and care in behalf of the Institute; but all the things so acquired must be regarded as community possession destined for the general use of the Institute or house.

127.—All furniture, food and clothing are to be considered as property of the community, to be used in common. With regard to garments, it is proper that there be separate provision made in the common storeroom for the strictly personal needs of each.

128.—The furnishing provided for the Sisters, with the permission of their Superiors, should be in conformity with their profession of poverty, and they should have nothing that is superfluous; on the other hand they should not be left without those things which are necessary to them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOW AND THE VIRTUE OF CHASTITY.

129.—In making the vow of chastity a nun at her profession binds herself to observe celibacy, and she, moreover, pledges herself by a new title, that is, in virtue of the vow itself, to abstain from any act opposed to chastity.

130.—It is desirable that the Constitutions should contain suitable cautions for guarding chastity. Those cautions, however, should be general, and should not go into details.

131.—For Institutes whose members are exposed to special dangers on account of their more frequent intercourse in the exercise of their ministrations toward secular persons of either sex, particular rules that seem necessary and opportune for the observance of the vow of chastity, are to be laid down in all prudence.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VOW AND VIRTUE OF OBEDIENCE.

132.—By the vow of obedience, a religious assumes the obligation of obeying the command of her lawful Superior in those things which pertain directly or indirectly to the life of the Institute, that is, regarding the observance of the vows and Constitutions.

133.—It cannot be strictly said that the Constitutions of an Institute become obligatory by reason of the vow of obedience, in such a way that a Sister if she violates any point of the Constitution, thereby sins against the vow of obedience.

134.—It is rather as a result of the *virtue* of obedience that a nun is bound to conform to the regulations both of the Constitutions and of her Superiors.

135.—A Sister is obliged by the *vow* of obedience only when her lawful Superior expressly commands an act *in virtue of holy obedience*, or *under formal precept*, or by words that have an equivalent force according to the Constitutions.

136.—Except for grave reasons, Superiors should not demand an act *in virtue of holy obedience*; only when a sufficiently grave reason demands it should they issue such order, cautiously and

prudently. In these cases it is advisable to give the command in writing or at least in presence of two witnesses.

137.—Local Superiors, especially those of small houses, should not give such formal commands.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.

138.—The Sisters, ordinarily, should go to confession once every week.

139.—The regulations of the Constitution of Benedict XIV. *Pastoralis Curæ*, August 5, 1748, and of the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, *Quemadmodum*, December 17, 1890, with regard to ordinary, extraordinary, and supplementary confessors, the former constitution applying only to Institutes of Sisters, the latter likewise to religious men, are to be observed intact.

140.—For each house of Sisters there should be one confessor appointed to hear the sacramental confessions of the whole community.

141.—While the Superioress is at liberty to ask the Bishop to appoint some definite confessor whose ministry she may consider particularly useful to the community, it should be understood that the Bishop is the proper judge in such matters, and that his appointment should be received with entire acquiescence. To his judgment also is to be left the appointment of chaplains who are to say Mass or give the conferences to the community.

142.—The Confessor appointed by the Bishop is to remain in this office for a term of three years only.

143.—Besides the ordinary Confessor, the Bishop is to appoint an extraordinary Confessor, who is to be at the disposition of the community twice, thrice, or oftener in the year, so that all the Sisters may have recourse to him, without, however, being under the obligation of confessing to him.

144.—Besides the extraordinary Confessor, the Sisters are privileged occasionally to obtain the services of a special Confessor, whose advice they may for just reasons deem requisite for their guidance.

145.—Benedict XIV warns Bishops that they make no objection, should particular nuns desire at times to confess to some other than the regular Confessor; and, unless the Sister who makes the demand, or the Confessor for whom she asks, suggest the contrary course, every facility should be allowed to second the wishes of a religious in this respect. We have herein the example of St. Francis de Sales, who not only provided for his Institute of Visitation nuns an extraordinary Confessor at the regular Quartertenses of the year, but instructed the Superiors of the different houses that they should readily grant the request for a special Confessor, unless it proceeded from mere fickleness of disposition, or from some indiscreet attachment or desire of singularity.

146. As often, therefore, as a Sister asks to see an extraordinary Confessor for her peace of mind or because she hopes to make better progress in the spiritual life, or for any purpose whatever, of quieting doubts of conscience, let the Superior acquiesce without inquiring about the particular reasons or showing any reluctance to grant the permission.

147. But where the Bishops, in accordance with the Decree *Quemadmodum*, have appointed priests, and granted to them the requisite faculties for this purpose, the Superiors are free to have recourse to such priests without obtaining any special leave from the Bishop.

148.—When Sisters are in danger of death, it is the duty of the Superiors either to give them freely the opportunity of having an extraordinary Confessor, or to grant their request for anyone in particular.

149.—When Sisters go to confession in a public church, they are at liberty to confess to any priest approved by the Bishop.

150.—The days on which all the Sisters should approach Holy Communion in common, may be determined by the Constitutions, in such a way however, as to leave some liberty to the individual.

151.—This appointment of definite days on which all the Sisters are to approach Holy Communion, has the force of a directive rule, but without binding as positive law, or under pain of fault, or as a restrictive measure. Hence each Sister may, according to the prudent judgment of her Confessor, either abstain from

communicating on the days appointed, or approach more frequently than is stated in the Constitution. Nevertheless it is greatly to be urged that each Sister keep herself in such dispositions that she may not be obliged to omit the Communions made by the Community at fixed times.

152.—According to the express and formal terms of the Decree *Quemadmodum*, the permission to approach holy Communion—and the same is to be said of the prohibition to receive it—may be granted alone by the ordinary or extraordinary Confessor; so that the Superioress has no jurisdiction or authority whatever in this matter. It suffices, that a religious who has obtained permission to communicate more frequently than the Constitutions provide, informs her Superioress of this permission.

153.—Ample time ought to be allowed to all the Sisters, both to prepare for Communion, and to make their thanksgiving after it.

(To be continued.)

Criticisms and Notes.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Apparitions, Revelations and Graces. By Bernard St. John. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers. Pp. xv—486.

“Here in England,” wrote Father Faber in 1862,¹ “Mary is not preached enough. Devotion to her is low, thin, and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy.” Mr. St. John considers that this reproach is applicable to-day, and in order to meet it he has collected in a handsome volume adorned with several excellent illustrations, the history of the greater manifestations of the Blessed Virgin during the past century in France at La Salette, Lourdes, Pontmain, Bellevoisin, and in connection with Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris and with the miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception. He treats his subject, as Père Thiriet, O.M.I., points out in his short introduction, not from the point of view of an *ex professo* ascetical writer, but from that of an impartial historian bent on sifting truth from legend. The work is, notwithstanding, well calculated to excite devotion to Our Lady among the lukewarm and faithless. In an age given over to materialism, when the very mention of the miraculous provokes a smile or a jeer, it would seem providential that the believer is able to point to facts, above all suspicion of cavil, which the most sceptical have professed their powerlessness to explain on any natural hypothesis. God has not left Himself without a witness to a generation deaf and dumb concerning the marvels of the world where spirits dwell. “How explain,” asks the author, “in a human sense and satisfactorily, the radiant apparition at the Lourdes Grotto, or the no less radiant one in the night sky above Pontmain, each accompanied by words that were to be singularly ratified by subsequent events? Or, how explain the instantaneous forming, at the voice of prayer, of sound flesh in an unsound part? or the sudden acquiring of sight, speech, and hearing by those who had never seen, spoken, or heard? All this Lourdes has witnessed. Or how explain the sudden and complete straightening of a backbone considered by science to be irremediably crooked, as in the case of

¹ In his preface to his translation of B. de Montfort's *Traité de la Vraie Dévotion à la Sainte Vierge*.

Maria Vangeois at Pontmain? There is but one answer. Christ willed by unmistakable signs to give the unbelieving rationalist an object-lesson in the existence of the supernatural and at the same time to arouse the devotion (diminishing to some extent, through the prevailing atmosphere of materialism) of Catholics to His Blessed Mother. The religious congregations of men and women raised up by Almighty God under the name and patronage of Mary, such as the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, and the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, are the direct outcome of the apparitions vouchsafed to France." Had there been no apparition by Mount Gargas, we should never have heard of the Missionaries of La Salette; and had not the converted Jew, Theodore Ratisbonne, been won by the devotion to Notre Dame des Victoires . . . and had not his brother Alphonse been converted by the vision in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte in Rome, the world would probably not have been enriched by the two congregations of Our Lady of Sion."

On a par with the stimulus given by the apparition to the religious life is the undoubted increase among the faithful generally of love toward Mary and of trust in her intercession—a love and a trust that show themselves in a more steadfast imitation of her life, and have been rewarded by an abundant bestowal of grace and help. Mr. St. John has done well to bring this secondary feature of his subject into prominence. The votaries of Christian Science (so-called, for, in truth, there is little of science and still less of "Christianity" in its tenets and principles) in America, or of "faith-healing" in Europe, may appeal to wonders worked in the dismal realm of disease, although we strongly doubt whether they can point to *one organic* cure verified by competent medical authority; but what have they to set against the marvels of *spiritual* recovery from the thralldom of temptation, from the cancer of sin, that are the veriest commonplace in the history of thousands who flock annually to the shrines of Lourdes or of La Salette? To heal in a moment a diseased limb may excite the amazement of the incredulous; the Catholic, conscious by bitter experience of the strenuousness of the soul's struggle against evil, will pay more attention to the spiritual benefits which he learns from the witness of many thankful hearts, have gone hand in hand with relief from physical pain.

The reader will find much to edify him in the carefully told narratives of miracles in both fields, the natural and the spiritual. He will learn more fully of the many cures from organic disease of all kinds,

attested beyond all possibility of doubt, at Lourdes, and of the lesser known but not less striking miracles at Pontmain and Bellevoisin, such as the complete restoration to speech and hearing of a boy who had been deaf and dumb for a year after an attack of meningitis at the former place, and the healing of a woman in the last stage of pulmonary consumption at the latter place. There is also a singularly interesting account of the cures worked through the intercession of Our Lady of Victories at the Church dedicated to her under that title in Paris.

Of the miracles of grace recorded in the book, the most noteworthy is the conversion of the Jew, Mr. Alphonse Ratisbonne. Intensified in his hatred of Christianity by the conversion to Catholicism of his brother Theodore, Alphonse set out for the East with not the remotest intention of changing his creed. With amused contempt he put in his pocket, when at Rome, the miraculous medal commemorating the Manifestation of Our Lady to Sister Catharine Labouré, given him by a fervent Catholic friend. This was on January 16, 1842. On the 20th of the same month he entered, in company with his friend, the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte where, on the following day, the funeral of the Marquis de la Ferronnays, who had long prayed for his conversion, was to take place. His friend, M. de Buisnière, left him for a few minutes, and on his return found him prostrate, his face bathed in tears. When taken outside the church he could only say,—“Lead me whither you will. After what I have seen I can but obey.” Then, drawing forth the medal he pressed it to his lips murmuring over it burning words of gratitude. He was led to the Church of the Gesù, and there declared to a Jesuit Father how the Blessed Virgin, as represented on the medal, had appeared to him standing on an altar, beautiful and majestic, and won his heart to faith in her Divine Son. He became a priest and the co-founder with his brother of the *L'Œuvre de Notre Dame de Sion*. Forty years after his miraculous conversion he died at Jerusalem with the name of Mary on his lips.

The whole section on the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires is a record of similar conversions beginning with that of M. Joly, a Godless octogenarian. The graces that have flowed from that world-famous spot are the best evidence of the reality of the wonders wrought upon the soul by Mary. It is noteworthy that the first act of public devotion in England in honor of Our Lady since the Reformation was the foundation by Benedictine nuns at Princethorpe

near Rugby of an association of the Immaculate Heart of Mary affiliated to the mother one in Paris. The stream of conversions in England and America derived directly or indirectly from the Paris shrine is known only to God, although the *ex voto* offerings that hang around the altar bear eloquent witness to its extent.

The author's description of the actual appearances of the Blessed Virgin in France is remarkable for its sobriety and its judicial tone. He is especially careful to dwell upon the opposition from ecclesiastical authority which confronted the early propagators of the stories of the apparitions, for example, at Lourdes and at La Salette. That initial scepticism, like the unbelief of Thomas, is one of the strongest arguments for the authenticity of the several apparitions with their accompanying revelations. We think, however, that more references might be given for several of the statements, especially for those concerning the alleged retreat of the German forces before Laval through the intervention of Our Lady of Pontmain. Nevertheless, the book admirably fulfils its purpose of stimulating devotion to the Blessed Virgin by reminding men of the wonders wrought by her in an unbelieving age. It would be difficult for the most skeptical to close the volume without the instinctive exclamation, "*Digitus Dei est hic.*"

ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE, By Wm. Humphrey, S.J. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London; Thomas Baker. 1903. Pp. xvi—438.

Since the date of the publication of the first edition of Father Humphrey's valuable book on *The Religious State* (now for some years out of print), two important works have appeared on the same subject;—the "Guide canonique pour les Constitutions des Sœurs à vœux simples," by Monsignor Albert Battaudier, for almost twenty years a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and the *Normae secundum quas S. Congregatio Episcoporum et Regularium procedere solet in approbandis novis Institutis votorum simplicium*.

Both works are necessarily of high doctrinal and authoritative value. Father Humphrey has incorporated their substance in the present edition of his own book. The edition is thus more than a mere reprint; not only does it contain an entirely new chapter on Congregations of Sisters living under simple vows, *i. e.*, all post-Reformation Institutes of religious women, but as well the entire edition has been throughout revised.

In its original form the work appeared in three volumes under the title of *The Religious State*, in reality a full digest of the doctrine of Suarez in his treatise *De Statu Religionis*. *Elements of Religious Life* contains the sum of the larger work in a handier shape. Its main chapters treat of the State of Perfection; the Constitution of the Religious State; Entrance into Religion; Religious Profession; the Religious Vows (in three sections); Religious Superiors; Departure from Religious Life. They are all marked by the clearness of definition, the exactness of distinctions, the scientific nature of the arrangement of material that one looks for in a disciple of St. Thomas and of Suarez. After contrasting the state of perfection (consisting in men's striving after union with God, founded on charity, the queen of virtues), with the states of Christian life, common life, and holiness, and counsels with precepts, Father Humphrey lays down five conditions as necessary in order to its existence before he distinguishes three degrees in it, viz.: the state of conflict, or of the purgative way, the state of the illuminative way, and the state of the unitive way,—and the two states of perfection, that *to be acquired* (the state of Religious) and that *to be exercised* (the state of Bishops).

On this foundation the author builds the constitution of the Religious state. Counsels of perfection as well as vows enter into its essence. The three counsels suffice to remove all hindrances to charity, but vows made to God are necessary for their fulfilment. For the only way in which a state of perfection can be consecrated to God is by a distinct promise made to God. These vows are either simple or solemn in so far as their effects are more or less stringent upon personal liberty. Approbation by ecclesiastical authority (either the Pope or Bishop) is needed for the institution of a religious body in which the vows of perfection are fulfilled.

Much practical information as to hindrances, the case of parish priests and of clerics under mission oath, mutual obligations of fathers and sons (why not also of mothers and daughters?), the distinction between vocations to religious life and to *clerical* religious life, and the noviceship, is given in the ensuing chapter on "Entrance into Religion." A summary of the Decrees "*Neminem latet*" and "*Ad universalis*" of Pius IX, and "*Perpensis temporum*" of Leo XIII, complete its usefulness.

The substance of religious profession, consisting in the holocaust which the religious makes of himself to God at the hands of the Superior of the Order; its formal effects, including a bondage and a

sonship; the ratification of invalid profession; the effect of renovation of vows—are next discussed concisely, yet fully.

As is to be expected from a member of the Society of Jesus, the third of the religious vows is treated at greatest length. Obedience is declared to be the chief of the three vows, both by reason of the excellence of the matter consecrated by it to God, even the soul, the understanding, the will, the whole man, and by reason of the greater extensiveness of the offering. The peculiar kind of obedience which belongs to the religious life, in that it is one of the goods of supererogation that falls under the evangelical counsels of perfection, is the obedience which a man renders to another in matters not otherwise prescribed, but which nevertheless may lawfully be done. For the exercise of this obedience there must be preceptive will on the part of the superior—that is, a will to bind to the doing of the work. It is limited in a twofold way: first, that which is prescribed must not be evil, either intrinsically or by virtue of the prohibition of a superior; secondly, it must be something compatible with the Rule.

To satisfy the obligations of religious obedience there is needed besides the execution of the command, promptitude, and an intention of some kind directing the will of the subject toward the act, as it falls under the will of the superior. St. Ignatius declares that that obedience is not worthy the name of a virtue, in which a subject does not make the will of the superior his own. He adds that the subject must also consent in affection of the will, so that the wills of both superior and subject should be the same. The rest of the chapter is taken up with a discussion of the powers of the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Episcopate (especially over Congregations which are not exempt), and of a general superioress. The only flaw in an otherwise excellent section is the scanty and not over-clear allusion to what is known as “blind obedience,” a much misunderstood point.

The various kinds of religious superiors, and the nature of their respective jurisdictions, form the subject of a somewhat technical chapter. Leo XIII's Decree *Quemadmodum*, by which intimate manifestation of conscience in any manner on the part of religious to their superiors is definitely forbidden, passes under a searching analysis; and there are some instructive remarks on appeals from unjust sentences.

Many practical warnings are contained in the section treating of departure from Religion. Internal apostasy is shown to have been committed when the religious deliberately purposes to break his vows.

It is consummated when he deserts his Order with the intention of not returning to it. This is true even of those who are only under simple vows. Religious expelled from their Orders are not on that account released from the bond of their profession. Their vows endure, and the members are bound to amend sufficiently to satisfy their superiors so that they may receive them back. Stress is laid on the privilege granted to the Society of Jesus enjoining that no one professed therein can pass to any other Order, except that of the Carthusians, under pain of excommunication *ipso facto*. Remarks on the obligations of religious who become Bishops or Cardinals conclude this part of the subject.

The new chapter of the present edition, the longest in the book (it runs into some 130 pages), provides exhaustive information concerning congregations of Sisters under Simple Vows. Such Institutes in Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States, are under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda, but the Sacred Congregation in its procedure follows generally on the lines laid down by the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, on whose enactments Father Humphrey bases his treatise. He writes fully on the Decrees of praise, of approbation, of approbation by way of experiment, and of definitive approbation, by which Institutes of religious women are gradually erected canonically. He notes, however, that the Sacred Congregation restricts the name of "Religious" to those who belong to Religious Orders with *solemn* vows. The steps necessary for obtaining the several decrees of approbation are stated concisely, and eight classes of persons are declared to be incapable of admission without dispensation into an Institute seeking authoritative recognition. The sections on the postulantship (a modern institution), the noviceship, vows, the common life, the confessor of the community, the government of the Congregation, the powers, duties, and qualifications of the Superioress General, together with her relations with the Ordinary; the offices of Counsellors, Econome, and Mistress of Novices, deserve special praise for their fulness and lucidity.

This last chapter alone makes the book worth possessing. It should be read by every priest whose duties bring him into contact with modern Institutes of Sisters. Father Humphrey deserves the thanks of clergy, religious, and seminarists for having provided them with an invaluable manual of instruction on every branch of the Religious Life.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. An Elementary Treatise, with some Practical Applications. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903. Pp. xxvii—392.

A work on psychology from the hand of Professor Royce cannot fail of being instructive and interesting—all the more so when it is found that it is not “a book upon the Philosophy of Mind, nor does it deal with any philosophical problems.” That it is possible for any writer to treat of psychology without trespassing on the field of philosophy may well be questioned, nor will the informed reader be prepared to allow that Professor Royce has succeeded in keeping perfectly within his self-imposed limits. However, it is something to be assured in advance that no excursions into the far-away regions wherein *The World and the Individual*¹ is located, are here to be made. On the other hand the book is no summary of the results of modern experimental psychology, however interesting these are to the author and may be presumed so to be to his readers. Supposing then “a serious reader, but not one trained either in experimental methods or in philosophical inquiries,” the author’s aim is to tell him a few things that seem important regarding the most fundamental and general processes, laws, and conditions of mental life. Nothing whatever is said “about the philosophical problem of the relations of mind and body, and nothing about the true place of mind in the universe.”

What is significant and almost, if not quite, original in Professor Royce’s treatment of psychological phenomena is its grouping. The time-honored classification into feeling, intellect, and will is set aside in favor of *discriminating sensitiveness*, *docility* and *initiative*. This triplet points to three provisionally distinct types of the signs of mind. The first is that by which an organism indicates satisfaction or dissatisfaction (feeling), and also discriminates between the various sensory disturbances that come to it from without. The second—docility—designates the influence of past experience on the organism; the phenomena usually considered under *intelligence* and *conduct* are here investigated. The third—mental initiative—points to the inherent, spontaneous contribution of the organism apart from present sensory excitations or past experiences and habits. This latter type of mental phenomena has its physical analogue in what Loeb has called “tropism,” *i.e.*, a response of an organism to some physical or chemical stimulus, such as is illustrated by the moth’s flight into the candle-flame. Professor Royce makes much of this “tropism” phenomenon, in connection with another, mainly original, view of the phenomenon

¹ Macmillan, 1901.

of *feeling*. Feelings, he thinks, are inadequately classified under the pleasure-displeasure groups. *Restlessness* and *quiescence* he regards as distinct and independent phenomena. "In the most important part of our activities we are eager not for pleasure but for rationally satisfactory change both of our environment and of our conduct. *Upon such rational eagerness is based all that is most characteristic of our mental initiative*" (p. 331). The practical consequence of this radical feeling for the cultivation of strenuous mental activity is obvious. "Every sign of such a tendency should be encouraged by a teacher. It is equally true that every effort should be made not to confuse such activities with those which merely give a child pleasure. The purpose of a teacher is not merely to aid a child 'to do what he likes to do;' the purpose of the teacher is to assist the child *to become eager to do something that is in itself of a rationally significant tendency*. That this eagerness is pleasant is indeed often the case. But pleasure is by-play. *The restless eagerness is the essential*. And it is such eagerness that accompanies us into later life, wherein we may often be deeply interested in life, even when we find only very moderate pleasure in it. As Schiller states the case, 'Passion flees, but love must remain'" (p. 332). The passage here cited is characteristic of the spirit pervading the book. The technical exposition of mental phenomena terminates in practical wisdom; the psychology floresces in pedagogy. There is nothing indeed particularly novel in these *art-rules*, but they have the higher merit of sound sense and direct connection with the scientific root from which they are seen directly to grow.

On the whole, the value of Professor Royce's book seems to lie in its suggestiveness. It makes one think. Its mode of treatment is fresh and striking, its style forceful and perfectly translucent. The present reviewer differs *ex toto* with some things it contains—notably with the treatment of the will and the intellect, which he regards as neither thorough nor objective. Nevertheless he owes to the volume some hours of absorbed interest, and he gladly recommends it to students of Catholic philosophy as one of the very best expositions of recent psychology, theoretical and practical.

CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY. By Guido Villa, Lecturer on Philosophy in the University of Rome. Translated by Harold Manacorda, Attaché to the Italian Embassy in Paris. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903. Pp. xiv—396.

The present volume is the latest addition to the *Library of Philosophy* edited by Professor Muirhead, a series containing such well-

known works as Erdmann's *History of Philosophy*, Sigwart's *Logic*, Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, and some other noteworthy philosophical treatises. The subject-matter dealt with by Professor Villa includes the origin of the problems of contemporary psychology, their genetic relations to philosophy, and the natural, moral, and social sciences, together with the place they occupy in the various scientific systems of the present day. Treated on the historico-genetic method the problems are presented in their inherent content and their interconnections.

The work evidences an intimate acquaintance with the corresponding literature, and for this feature and its suggestive summaries of the contributions to empirical psychology from many workers it should prove useful to the busy student. At the same time it demands no little critical discernment to sift the liberal commingling of error and ambiguity from its true and unequivocal elements. A few illustrations in this connection will suffice. After discussing some of the theories regarding the relation of mind and body in man, the author says :

"A still less admissible theory is that of the modern neo-Thomistic school in which modern scientific Psychology is returning to the animistic idea of St. Thomas who merged the notions of body and mind in the indefinite conception of Soul. But to assert the identity of these two principles is equivalent to leaving entirely on one side the results of modern Biology and of Psychology. It is now generally admitted that biological phenomena are neither more nor less than chemical processes, which in their turn are manifestations of general physical phenomena. On the other hand the science of Psychology has proved that all mental processes, from the sensations up to the most complicated mental phenomena, have a qualitative character which distinguishes them absolutely from physiological processes" (p. 124).

Now, whether the conception of *soul* be any more indefinite than either that of *mind* or *body* need not be here discussed ; but surely it is wide of the truth to say that either St. Thomas or his neo-scholastic followers merged the notions of body and mind in that of soul. If there is one feature more marked than another in scholastic psychology, old and new, it is its emphasis of the distinctness and difference in the notions of body and mind and the impossibility of merging them in any other concept save indeed the highly generalized concept of *substance*. It is hard to understand how Professor Villa could have made such a statement in view of the fact that he shows some acquaintance with Mgr. Mercier's *Psychologie* and *Les Origines de la psychologie contemporaine* in which the scholastic teaching is clearly set forth in itself and its relations to other rival theories.

Again, hardly less wide of the fact is the author's statement that "it is now generally admitted that biological phenomena are neither more nor less than chemical processes—manifestations of general physical phenomena." The "general admission" here asserted may safely be attributed to an over-hasty generalization on the part of the author. The determination of the possibility of reducing biological phenomena to merely chemical processes is a problem of philosophy, not of natural science as such. Now the general admission of philosophers is not on the side of that reduction; on the contrary, it maintains the essential irreductivity of vital to chemical or physical activity. Moreover, the data which the biological and the physical sciences furnish for an inference as to the nature of the two classes of phenomena are overwhelmingly on the side of a specific differentiation.

Another hardly less inaccurate statement appears on the page following the one on which the foregoing extract occurs, where it is said that "Schopenhauer was the first to call attention to the subjective elements of consciousness, the feelings and processes of volition." Surely such obvious phenomena had not to wait for attention. At least half of the content of psychology from the time of Aristotle onwards is devoted to those subjective factors.

SOUVENIRS DE MA JEUNESSE suivis des Derniers Jours et du Testament du Père Gratry. Sixième Edition. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Douniol. 1902. Pp. vii—279.

Père Gratry, the once famous French Oratorian, is now remembered chiefly as one of the stalwarts of the Inopportunist party at the Vatican Council, who, unlike Döllinger, found the grace to submit after a not unnatural phase of passing rebellion. The singularly touching posthumous work before us affords an explanation of this crowning act of his life. In his *Souvenirs de Ma Jeunesse* he unveils his inmost soul with a simplicity only equalled by its keenness of psychological analysis. We see before us a child brought up with all the religious care of a devout mother, to whose memory he clings lovingly to the end. At the age of five he tells us that he received an indelible impression of the Divine Presence as the Eternal Reality, the source of all goodness, and infinitely lovable. His parents became the visible representatives of God. "Ils me représentaient vraiment Dieu, et j'aimais Dieu en eux." His love for his mother and friends was saturated with the love of God, and was the very antithesis of

carnal love. St. Francis de Sales well terms it "l'amour intellectuel et cordial." He lived in a world peopled by saints and angels. Virginity was grasped by a kind of heavenly intuition as the natural result of union with the Sacred Humanity of the Virgin-born. At the end of his life he can say, "L'expérience m'a appris depuis que le sang Virginal du Sauveur et de sa mère immaculée est la force sur-naturelle, la greffe tout-puissante qui dompte l'indomptable passion, qui transforme le cœur, et l'élève de la terre au ciel." Allied with this close communion with the unseen there went a profound humility (in spite of a consciousness of intellectual eminence), and a keen sense of the transitoriness of human glories. His autobiography approaches more nearly to the self-communings of the saints than anything we remember to have read in recent ascetical literature. The fact that the volume is now in its sixth edition is sufficient evidence of its popularity. Its value is considerably enhanced by a short but full account by "Père Adolphe Perraud, Prêtre de l'Oratoire et Professeur en Sorbonne" (now Bishop of Autun and Cardinal), of Père Gratry's last days at Montreux, and by a panegyric—a model of pulpit eloquence recalling Bossuet's—on him preached by the same illustrious prelate.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Ambassadors: Henry James.
Harper. \$2.00.

The scene is Paris, to which certain Americans come in the hope of persuading their friend

and kinsman to abandon a disgraceful attachment. They talk endlessly, effect nothing, and end by leaving him faster bound than ever. It is impossible to believe

in the existence of a group of twenty human beings without one who can speak plainly and effectively, and the book leaves the impression of being a mere literary exercise.

Autobiography of Seventy Years :

George F. Hoar. Three vols. *Scribner.* \$5.00.

These informally written volumes abound in legal anecdotes, and show the political Massachusetts of the period mentioned in the title and the Washington of the last forty years. The author supplements his own memory by family tradition, and has stories of Washington and the first great American Sherman, and he brings his story down to the present moment. He tells of his visits to London, and he quotes without rescinding a word the letter in which he gave the A. P. A. the sharpest of its many rebukes.

Barlasch of the Guard : Henry

Seton Merriman. *McClure.* \$1.50.

The story of an ignorant peasant whose best traits come from his military training, but who, on the return from Moscow, shows himself capable of a very noble devotion, and of dying nobly.

Belgium—Its Cities : Grant Allen.

Page. \$3.00.

These books are well illustrated with pictures after celebrated paintings and with views of churches and curious public buildings. The author gives brief histories of the cities, adding much antiquarian information. The work is meant to be useful to the

American preparing for a journey in Europe.

Beryl Stones : Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. *Longmans.* \$1.50.

Being in the deepest poverty, the heroine commits a theft, and an objectionable young man attempts to use this fault to compel her to marry him. She escapes from him, becomes a successful actress, and in the end marries happily, but is persecuted by him until in desperation she openly confesses, and is forgiven.

Black Familiars : L. B. Walford.

Longmans. \$1.50.

An overbearing Catholic mother, jealous of her husband's affection for her daughter, first attempts to alienate it by forcing the girl into marriage with a Protestant. Later she attempts to have her taken from the country by two "black familiars of the inquisition," especially imported for the occasion. The Protestants in the story are no better than the Catholics, but the author's views of confession and penance show where her prejudices lie. The "familiar" episode is altogether ridiculous.

Blood Lilies : W. A. Fraser.

Scribner. \$1.50.

The characters are Cree Indians and British Americans, and the chief personage is a small Indian boy, in whom, for various reasons, both whites and Indians are profoundly interested. The opening chapters tell of a race between a priest and a minister of the Episcopalian Church, each anxious to perform the marriage ceremony of a girl who will choose

her bridegroom according to the faith of the winner. Necessarily the story becomes broad farce, and the priest is the more ridiculous of the contestants.

Book of Months: E. L. Benson.
Harper.

Margins printed in color and emblematic of each month border the pages in which the hero tells the story of his successive love affairs and of his final happiness. An interval of a year occurs at one point of the story, but every month has its scene. The descriptions of scenery and the reflections are pleasantly written, but the whole book lacks spontaneity.

Butternut Jones: Til Tilford.
Appleton. \$1.50.

A girl from Missouri going to a Texas ranch meets her first cowboys and loves and is loved by one of them, but as he happens to be married to an especially worthless person, from whom he has been separated almost from the moment of the ceremony uniting them, marriage is impossible at first. A description of the Oklahoma rush and absurd episodes of ranch life make the book highly amusing although the style, especially in the opening pages, abounds in faults that would not be tolerated in a school "composition."

Calderon's Prisoner: Alice Duer Miller. *Scribner.* \$1.50.

A little comedy of Central American revolution, played by an American girl and the brother of the president. He begins by disapproving, she by detesting and both end by loving. In a second

story a woman marries a second time, although perfectly conscious that she has not ceased to love her first husband, and when she finds that he is really alive she loses no time in returning to him. The second husband is so very coarse and brutal that the reader loses sight of the real horror of the situation.

Cherry: Booth Tarkington. *Harper.* \$1.25.

An exceedingly stupid undergraduate of Nassau Hall and a dashing young Virginian woo their pretty neighbor, who compels her father to entertain the former and listen to his ponderous eloquence. His account of the matter is made amusing by his intense stupidity.

Children of the Tenements: Jacob A. Riis. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

A series of detached short stories describing incidents in the lives of poor children. The author vouches for their truth, and they are saddening.

Christian Thal: M. E. Francis. *Longmans.* \$1.50.

Descriptions of piano playing and its effect upon a susceptible girl and upon the pianist are the chief element in this story, which is unlike any of its author's former work. The hero is married to a woman of twice his own age, but the girl is unaware of it until after she falls in love with him. His wife, when dying, sends for the girl, and tells her to marry him.

Country Boy: Forrest Crissey. *Revell.* \$1.50.

A slow-witted boy gradually

becomes agreeable, as he studies nature and associates with other boys. He unites with them in a piece of mischief productive of results very amusing to the reader. Religious matters are discussed, and the amazing crudity of an ignorant child is matched against the bad logic of a pious Protestant.

Dreamthorp: Alexander Smith.
Page. \$1.50.

This favorite of forty years ago, later the butt of the *Saturday Reviewer*, is now revived, prettily arrayed as a gift book and illustrated with six photogravure portraits, and four other pictures in the same medium, and a decorated title-page. The papers might have been written yesterday as far as subjects are concerned, their subjects being: garden, Montaigne, books, Lamb, Dunbar, Chaucer, and they are written with great care. The author's views as to the Church are not expressed directly, but his occasional references are those of the middle-class Briton of his time, the class that substitutes Papist for Catholic.

Five Nations: Rudyard Kipling.
Doubleday. \$1.40 net.

This volume contains all the author's work printed since "The Seven Seas" appeared, two or three earlier pieces never before published in book form, and more than twenty new pieces—more than fifty in all. It is bound in the same style as "Stalky & Co."

Flame of Fire: Joseph Hocking.
Revell. \$1.50.

An intensely Protestant story,

in which an Elizabethan soldier enters Spain, almost single-handed, and rescues a girl from the Inquisition, which occurrence by some extraordinary reasoning is supposed to show the great power and profound wickedness of the Catholic Church in Spain, and Catholics generally.

Harvesters: Aubrey Langston.
Russell. \$1.50.

The hero, an earl's son, elopes with a clergyman's daughter, and then marries her. The Prince Regent calls upon her and she receives his visits, innocently supposing that she may be able to turn them to her husband's advantage. He hears of the royal visitor and rushes home arriving at the moment when his wife discovers her error, and he beats the finest gentleman in Europe severely and flies the country. The story abounds in absurdities which conceal the merits of a just appreciation of George the Magnificent; too just for general reading.

Henry Ward Beecher: Lyman Abbot.

This is an authoritative biography, the author having been Mr. Beecher's associate in journalism and his successor as pastor. It is very well written, and although its author is a warm admirer of Mr. Beecher he judges both his oratory and his literary work in a discriminating spirit. Those interested in the study of Protestant development will here find a plain statement of the present congregationalist views as to Mr. Beecher's hetero-

doxy. The extraordinary Beecher family and the abolitionist movement are described at some length.

Honor D'Everel: Barbara Yechton. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

A story of young girlhood in the island of St. Croix, in a large family with children as mischievous as any book-child of the century. The heroine's character slowly develops; and although the story does not come to any conventional ending, it is evident that she is to be worthy of the man who unselfishly loves her.

Incomparable Bellairs: Agnes and Egerton Castle. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

The "incomparable" is a widow whose lovers remain faithful even although jilted at the very altar. The characters belong to the day of patches and highwaymen and high play, and the tale abounds in extravagances apparently designed for the stage and a little over-drawn for a book, but even there they amuse.

Johanna: B. M. Croker. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

The faithful love and true goodness of a beautiful unlettered Kerry girl are agreeably set forth in a story full of movement and animation. Its weak point is its supposition that the Irish peasant is so ignorant of the nature of fights, and the law relating to them, as to suppose that when a man is attacked by six others he is a murderer even if he kill one of them.

Life Radiant: Lilian Whiting. *Little.* \$1.25.

Quotations unnumbered and original matter urging the reader to be so very good that he will radiate goodness. The author accepts spiritualism, thought-reading and other unproved things as proved. With a certain class of Protestants books like this take the place of manuals of devotion.

Marie Corelli: T. F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell. *Jacobs.* \$1.50 net.

A fulsome biography with still more fulsome praise, calling itself criticism; inserted here and there, extracts from Miss Corelli's novels and pictures of her and of her home. The book is funny enough to be worth examination.

Masterfolk: Haldane McFall. *Harpers.* \$1.50.

A very slight story extended to great length by elaborate descriptions of that species of Bohemian which is always dirty, generally drunken, and invariably in debt. Many of the figures are portraits, among them one representing an æsthete for revenue only, whom the author sufficiently indicates by giving him four baptismal names, with O'Flaherty for one.

Merry Hearts: Anne Story Allen. *Holt.* \$0.75.

An artist and an author, living together, help one another in their small troubles and misadventures, and their merriment conveys itself to the reader. The book is a pleasant tale for a dark day.

Miladi: Clare E. Laughlin. *Revell*. \$1.20 net.

Worldly good advice for a young girl, pleasantly worded and bound in gift book style. It touches upon the questions of independence and home duty, gives advice as to the preparation of a home for married life and ends with a chapter on motherhood.

My Mamie Rose: Owen Kildare. *Baker*. \$1.50 net.

A man who has become a criminal through poverty and ignorance learns to read at the age of thirty, and in time reforms and becomes a successful author, the change being effected through the influence of a good young school teacher, with whom he falls in love. The book is autobiographical and makes some interesting revelations concerning the feelings of the poor when treated as human curiosities of nature.

New American Navy: John D. Long. *Outlook*. \$5.00.

This work is not only a history of the formation of the new navy, but also of the Spanish war, and gives the views held by the late Secretary of the Navy in regard to the ships, the officers and the administration. It is illustrated with many portraits and pictures, and, if it be read in conjunction with Mr. Hoar's reminiscences, a complete official view of the war is obtained.

New England History in Ballads: Edward E. Hale and others. *Little*. \$2.00.

Many old rimes, originally published as broadsheets, imita-

tions of the ballad style and a few classic pieces by famous hands are here arranged in chronological order according to subjects. The imitations vary from very good to exceedingly poor, but the book is interesting as an honest effort to write ballads.

Our Lady's Inn: J. Storer Clouston.

In order to escape from marrying an elderly man, to whom her guardian has compelled her to engage herself, the heroine runs away, wearing men's clothes. The chambers which she takes in "Our Lady's Inn" happen to adjoin those held by the son of her former betrothed and the two become well acquainted, and collaborate in the production of a book, but she escapes detection until she brings it upon herself by a careless phrase. In spite of its improbability, the story amuses.

Pine Grove House: Ruth Hall. *Houghton*. \$1.50.

The principal female characters are boarders in a comfortable, but unfashionable hotel, the refuge of the "reduced" and the home of gossip. Two love stories proceed to their end in this environment, and the author skilfully shows the current of kindness and good will always flowing under the surface of the rather ugly daily life.

Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics: Bliss Carman. *Page*. \$6.00 net.

Although these poems embody the spirit, if not the form, of the remaining fragments of

Sappho, they are entirely original, being an effort to show what the whole work may have been. The volume is bound with uncommon taste, and published only in a limited edition, its appeal being chiefly to scholars able to judge of the author's skill in adhering to the Greek spirit.

Sequence in Hearts: Mary Moss. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

The story opens with a man's marriage to an utterly foolish woman, although he is beloved by the cleverest woman of his acquaintance; she is loved by a clever young man, to whom a brilliant young girl has given her heart, and this condition of things continues through the greater part of the book. The married man, utterly unconscious of the foolishness and selfishness of his wife, although it is perfectly patent to all the women in the story, grows dull and the clever woman marries a newcomer into her life and leaves the other two to marry one another, as they should.

Shipmates in Sunshine: F. Frankfort Moore. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

A traveller tells the story of a voyage from England to the West India Islands, allowing his own character to become evident by his comments on his shipmates and their love affairs. It is an agreeable trifle.

Singing Leaves: Josephine Preston Peabody. *Houghton.* \$1.00.

Brief lyrics, of which about half are juvenile, none very serious in subject, but all charmingly

expressed, with many felicitous small touches.

Sons of Vengeance: Joseph S. Malone. *Revell.* \$1.50.

A story of Cumberland mountain feuds, sympathetically narrated, chiefly with the object of showing the means of putting an end to the condition of things under which the feuds are possible.

Souter's Lamp: Hector MacGregor. *Revell.* \$1.25.

Brief stories related Saturday nights in the cobbler's shop of a certain village, after he has finished his week's work. They are rather slow, but humorous, with the humor of Scottish Calvinism.

Stevenson's Shrine: Laura Stubbs. *Page.* \$1.60 net.

The author describes the present condition of Vailema, giving many anecdotes of its past. The book is illustrated with excellent half-tones after unpublished photographs and a photogravure of Stevenson's grave. The printing was done by the De la More press, and the cover has an emblematic design by Miss Blanche MacManus.

Theory of Advertising: Walter Dill Scott. *Small.* \$2.00 net.

A philosophical inquiry into the reason why advertisements are impressive, and why they are successful. The writer makes no account of the painful truth that the mass of buyers care more for cheapness than for any other quality whatsoever, but as far as he goes, he is very interesting and his book is pleasant reading.

Turner Reprints: Essays and Travels of Robert Louis Stevenson. 7 vols. *Turner*. \$1.25 net.

These books are reprinted from the original text, and each offers at least one portrait of Stevenson, the whole set of seven volumes containing thirty-five photogravures in all. They have specially designed decorations, and contain much hitherto accessible only in costly editions.

Two Centuries of Costume in America: Alice Morse Earle. 2 vols. \$5.00 net.

Not only costume, but many small articles of domestic use figure in these books which are illustrated with reproductions of portraits and curious old pictures, and abound in unexpected treasures of genealogical and antiquarian lore. This is the sixth book which the author has written on cognate subjects, and it is better

than all the others because written from a fuller mind.

Under the Jack Staff: Chester Bailey Fernald. *Century*. \$1.50.

This volume contains short stories chronicling the adventures of two Irish sailors in the United States Navy. The dialect is uncommonly good and the men are uniformly amusing.

When I was Czar: Arthur Marchmont. *Stokes*. \$1.50.

The American hero impersonated the Czar at the request of a Russian minister, who used him as a cat's paw, hoping through him to arrest certain nihilists. The hero, determined to be faithful to the emperor who has saved his life, investigates the case, finds that the chief conspirator, a woman, is a private enemy of the minister, and at last makes himself master of the situation. The long struggle of wits is very cleverly described.

Juvenile.

Blake Redding: Natalie Rice Clark. *Little*. \$1.20 net.

Pride in honorable ancestors and striving for honor rather than for prizes in athletic contests are taught in this gay, pretty story. [Ten to twelve.]

Brenda's Bargain: Helen Leah Reed. *Little*. \$1.20.

The experience of young girls trying to teach the poor children frequenting a settlement house, is cleverly described. [Ten to twelve.]

Captain's Daughter: Gwendolen Overton. *Macmillan*. \$1.50.

A girl's life at a frontier post, with incidental criticisms of riding, and a story of sentimental pity sadly misplaced, make up a story of much originality. [Ten to fifteen.]

Daniel Webster for Young Americans. *Little*. \$1.50.

Seven portraits of Webster and twenty-five of his contemporaries and persons mentioned in his speeches, fac-similes of his manuscripts and of two pages of

the Farewell Address, and a few views of places connected with his speeches or with his life, illustrate nine complete speeches and parts of ten others. The Constitution, the Declaration, the Farewell Address, Mr. Whipple's criticism of Webster's style, and an introduction by Prof. Charles F. Richardson, equip the book either for reference or for use in the common schools, and make it one of the best introductions to American politics, besides furnishing good "pieces to speak." [Ten to any age.]

Elizabeth's Charm String: Cora B. Forbes. *Little.* \$1.20.

The charms are little gifts, each representing the town in Europe whence it is brought to the heroine, and each having an interesting legend attached. The illustrations are uncommon. [Eight to twelve.]

Elsie and Her Loved Ones: Martha Finley. *Dodd.* \$1.20.

A platoon selected from the army of Elsie's descendants passes the summer in California, and one of her grandchildren discourses to Elsie on the subject of religion. This is retribution, such having been Elsie's treatment of her grandmother, but it is not so regarded by the author.

Gay Charmer: L. T. Meade. *Lippincott.* \$1.20.

A story of the natural antagonism between a pretty, confident girl, somewhat spoiled and entirely selfish, and her quiet cousin, trained to consider her

parents' comfort. The reader's sympathy is asked for the less deserving girl, and the bad manners of the other are excused and almost praised.

Happy Forest: Daisy D. Plympton. *Cassino.* \$1.75.

A beautiful illustrated thin quarto in which the animals are represented as being unhappy until they hear of Christmas, and then as insisting upon a celebration themselves and preparing a Christmas tree for a good boy. [Five to ten.]

In Forest and Jungle: Paul Du Chaillu. *Scribner.* \$1.50 *net.*

Twenty-four pictures illustrate this book, in which the author tells of a journey through Central Africa, relating a terrible story of starvation. [Eight to fifteen.]

Jill's Red Bag: Amy Le Feuvre. *Revell.* \$0.75 *net.*

Innocent but absurd childish errors in religious matters lead to a happy ending, and the story is amusing reading for adults, but needs too much explanation for children.

Laurel Leaves for Little Folk: Mary E. Phillips. *Lee.* \$2.50 *net.*

The profuse illustrations and decorations of this book are the work of the editor. Selections from the writings of Dr. Hale, Col. Higginson, the late Mr. William Wetmore Story and others make up the volume, which is a treasury of designs for young artists. [Ten to fifteen.]

Littledom Castle: Mrs. M. H. Spielman. *Dutton*. \$1.20 net.

Admirable pictures by Mme. Ronner, Miss Kate Greenaway, Mr. Hugh Thomson and others illustrate some fairy stories of modern origin. [Five to ten.]

Magic Forest: Stewart Edward White. *Macmillan*. \$1.50.

The somnambulistic hero steps out of a sleeping car into a forest, the home of the Ojibway Indians. After five months, he arises in the night and enters another car, the intervening time remaining in his mind as a dream. The description of life in a wigwam is very good. [Eight to fifteen.]

Out of a Fleur de Lis: Claude H. Wetmore. *Wilde*. \$1.50 net.

A pretty story forms part of an account of the making of the World's Fair, a history of Louisiana territory prefaces it, and it closes with biographical sketches of the managers of the fair. [Eight to any age.]

Phyllis's Field Stories: Lenore Elizabeth Mulets. *Page*. \$1.20 net.

The three volumes of this work are devoted respectively to insect stories, bird stories, and animal stories. The reader is furnished with the proper technical terms for classification, but is not

obliged to be instructed, unless he chooses. [Eight to twelve.]

Story of King Arthur and His Knights: Howard Pyle. *Scribner*. \$2.50 net.

The author's own version of the stories up to the marriage of Sir Gawayne and the Loathly Lady. The author carefully imitates the style of old chroniclers, but he omits the religious element, and thus deprives his knights of any good reason for their acts. [Ten and upwards.]

Two Little Savages: Ernest Thompson Seton. *Doubleday*. \$1.25.

The author describes the life of boys living in the forest and following forest ways as far as they know them. The early chapters describe a boy as wofully ill-treated, although his lot is not hard. [Eight to twelve.]

Wanderfolk in Wonderland: Edith Guerrier. *Small*. \$1.50.

Pretty fanciful stories with good and amusing pictures. [Five to twelve.]

Weatherby's Inning: Ralph Henry Barbour. *Appleton*. \$1.20.

This is a story of a boy who fancied at first that he never should succeed at athletics and by mischance won a reputation for cowardice. He ends by winning a victory for his school and saving a life. [Ten to twelve.]

Literary Chat.

It is a rather reluctant but on that account a more striking concession which Theodore Munger makes in his article (December number of *The Atlantic Monthly*) on Denominational Divisions among Christians, when he allows that the influence of the Catholic Church is unique in repressing the great evils of modern society. "The family; obedience to law; labor; these are the problems with which the nation and the churches are struggling, but no church is doing more to safeguard these vital interests than the Roman Catholic. The question how it happens to have this influence may go by; that it has it is sufficient at present." What sort of philosophy is this? We are admittedly struggling for "vital interests"; we find that the Roman Church alone successfully copes with the difficulties that obstruct their attainment, and yet "the question how it happens to have this influence may go by?" It is the old story of the light coming into the world and the world unwilling to receive it. If, as Mr. Munger allows, the Catholic Church stands for sound ethics, for humanity, for learning, and also for science and progress and modern thought, even though it be in his mind "in a somewhat hampered sense," why not inquire into the reasons? Because perchance he may find that what alone regenerates society is not philanthropic sentimentality, or a pantheism which elects Christ as one of its leading deities, or a fine culture of natural virtues which best befits the human animal, but a positive, unswerving holding-fast to fundamental truth—dogma the Catholic Church calls it—on which its moral and disciplinary laws are founded, and which neither the malice of her enemies nor the negligence of her children can ever weaken. This is the secret of the influence of the Roman Church, that she *is* hampered, not somewhat, but to the full extent of the divine law. That law is not to be undone or explained away by hired pulpit musicians whose office is to sound their brazen timbrel, that they may keep time with the moods of the dancing multitude in our Protestant churches.

Of all the popular Catholic monthlies there is none that equals in quality of genuine literary entertainment *The Irish Monthly* which Father Matthew Russell edits at St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore (Ireland). For more than thirty years it has gone out in its pretty mantle of Celtic green, scattering real treasures of Catholic literature which one feels in the heart as they speak to the mind. Yet we doubt whether American Catholics, especially educators, are aware of how much they might find among the more than 20,000 pages of Father Russell's life work to aid them in their recreation as in their work. The price is so very modest that it is almost misleading as to the value of the *Monthly*. Moreover, we happen to know that whatever gain comes to *The Irish Monthly* finds its way in the bestowal of those noble charities which are the stimulus and secret of its editor's beautiful teachings in prose and verse.

Father William Randall (of Columbia, Mo.) publishes a minute analysis of Professor Myers' views on the subject of *Medieval and Modern History*. Since the Professor ventilates his bigotry (with the precautionary profession that he desires to state only truth) in a text-book used in the Public Schools of the State of Missouri, the critique of Fr. Randall meets a definite purpose, and points out the main objec-

tion which Catholics have not only to allowing their children to attend such schools, but to supporting them by a commonly obligatory taxation. Who will charge us with disloyalty if, believing in the truth and importance of our religious convictions, we protest against a system of education which is constantly used to misrepresent our highest aspirations, yet to the maintenance of which we ourselves are forced by law to contribute. Men do not consciously or conscientiously combine to nourish beds of venomous reptiles that will sting them to death. Yet Catholics do want religion in their education.

The *Boston Transcript* voices a just sentiment of the more thoughtful educators in America when it comments on the Public School system as a factor in our national life as follows: "No one can contemplate certain outstanding facts of our own contemporary national life without serious misgivings as to the total effect of our public school system from which formal instruction in religion and morals has been so largely eliminated through sectarian rivalry, and in which the direct provision for the spiritual betterment of the children is left so largely to the initiative of principals and teachers. In many schools unquestionably the indirect and personal influence of the school's officials makes for righteousness, and truth is there set forth in its most effective ways—through personalities. But even where this is true there might well be recognition in the school curriculum of the part that religion plays in life, the sanction it gives to moral standards and the influence it has on literature and art in their highest forms. It is because this systematic training is lacking that the graduates of high schools go up to college so ignorant of the Biblical allusions in the world's best Occidental literature; it is because of this failure to teach religion and ethics that the average American youth is so ready to enter into schemes for getting rich quickly without over-scrupulousness as to how it is done; it is because of this lack of training in reverence that we impress Orientals as a singularly rude, irreverent and unfilial sort of people, respecting neither old age in our parents nor the traditions of government or worship."

Speaking of the part which the Douay Version of the Bible exercised in the making of the Protestant "Authorized Version" of King James, the late Father Carson wrote: "It is not a little interesting that a non-Catholic scholar (Dr. James Carleton) should essay to prove with such ability and success, how much the Authorized Version (the cadence of whose rhythm Newman declared to have haunted him for years after his conversion) owes to the oftentimes despised Rheims translation. Those who are never tired of lauding the one to the skies as the greatest monument of English literature, will not, we hope, forget in the future to give its due meed of praise to the Version that remains a standing witness to the attainments of our Catholic forefathers, which the compilers of the Authorized (Protestant) Version used so freely and thanked so sparingly."

The London Art and Book Company is doing excellent service toward the revival of old-time devotion by its series of small *Paternoster Books*. Bishop Coffin's "Short Rule and Daily Exercise for a Beginner in the Spiritual Life," and Blessed John Fisher's "Spiritual Consolation" are among the volumes already published. Others to come are: "The Little Golden Book of Cleaving unto God," by Blessed Albertus Magnus, and St. Bernard's "Spiritual Treatises." Among the gems of

later writers is "Letters to a Young Man on the Christian Life," by Père Lacordaire. They can be put in the pocket without making their weight felt, except on the heart. (B. Herder, St. Louis.)

M. Alphonse Germain, in his recent work, *Le Sentiment de l'Art et sa formation par l'étude des œuvres*, lays stress upon the study of nature as an essential preparation for attaining true expression of the ideal and the spiritual. Whatever is true, contributes to the understanding of order and beauty in the circle of human observation; and by the proper appreciation of nature we foster the cultivation of the true. But the study of nature is not all that the artist requires to be wholly true, or to reach that highest expression of the beautiful which lies beyond the mere interpretation of forms. For this, he says, you must cultivate the spiritual life in you by imitation of the Divine Pattern. He warns young artists not to undervalue their moral culture, if they would be great interpreters of their lofty craft. "On ne réalise rien de grandiose sans une ferme croyance, des aspirations hautes et pures."

Lady Ann's Garden is a charmingly designed volume, in which the sister of "the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Lord John George Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, and Chancellor of the University of Dublin," gives hospitality to a dozen comet-like spirit visitors who might have been seen there bodily in the long ago of Celtic history. Fact and fancy are tastefully interwoven, while they bring before us St. Patrick and St. Bridgit, and Brian Boru and the inhabitants of the old Assisian Friary, the ivy-covered ruins of which form most attractive nooks. There is a fresh breeze of Celtic originality and an honest admiration of the old Saints in Miss Alexander's pictures which makes one wish she were less bound to the Branch theory which her father's Anglican archiepiscopate imposes upon her. Her sympathy for Lady Ann is born of a feeling close to identity.

Father Tyrrell's latest volume, entitled *Lex Orandi*, is one of the most masterly contributions not only to modern apologetic theology, but to literature of intellect in our day. He makes plain as no writer has done heretofore what we all need so much to know amid the warfare of scepticism against faith, namely, the difference between the intellectual and religious values of faith. In that distinction lies the safeguard of the educated layman who is drawn into the controversial strife and tempted to yield up his convictions to the most plausible argument, whereas his faith is altogether independent of the reasons he finds for it. It is a book which we hope to discuss at length in these pages.

Fr. Noll, of New Haven, Ind., has printed a little pamphlet with the title *Kind Words from your Pastor*, in which he makes a very sensible appeal to the various classes of his parishioners on the subject of their connection with the Church. It is a common sense exposition of their duty to coöperate with him for the salvation of their souls by means of their parish church. The clear and temperate statement of the priest is apt to conciliate and convince even those who, whilst not in active sympathy with the pastor, may feel inclined to read what he wants to say to them. Similar devices to make known to our laity their privilege and duty as Catholics would operate beneficially and successfully where long or vehement sermons, and so-called spiritual books, which only those read who do not need their instructions, as a rule fail.

Books Received.

THEOLOGY AND ASCETICA.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. By Cardinal Bona, O.C. Edited by the Right Rev. Ildephonsus Cummins, O.S.B. London: Art and Book Company, 22 Paternoster Row; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1903. Pp. xiii—85. Price, \$0.30 net.

DEVOTIONS IN HONOR OF ST. FRANCIS. Compiled by a Franciscan Sister of the Convent, Woodchester. Edited by Father Bede (Wrigley), of the same Order. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. vi—84. Price, \$0.30.

THE VIRTUES OF MARY. With a short Dissertation on the *Salve Regina*. By L. Lanzoni, General of the Institute of Charity. *Ave, gratia plena* (St. Luke 1: 28). London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. xii—138. Price, \$0.50.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH. Outline Notes, based on Luthardt and Krauth. By Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., LL.D., Professor and Doctor of Theology in the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary; author of *Studies in the Book*; *Christian Ethics*; *Biblical Theology*; *Theological Encyclopedia*; etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto (London, Edinburgh): Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 120.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FATHER FABER. Arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., author of *Eucharistic Elevations*, *Virgo Prædicanda*, etc. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. xvii—626. Price, \$1.35 net.

GENESIS UND KEILSCHRIFTFORSCHUNG. Ein Beitrag zum Verständniss der Biblischen Ur- und Patriarchengeschichte. Von Dr. Johannes Nickel, o. o. Professor an der Universität Breslau. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. 1903. Zweigniederlassungen in Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo. Pp. xi—261. Preis, \$1.75 net..

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington. New York Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. viii—445-15. Price, \$2.00.

THE RECOVERY AND RESTATEMENT OF THE GOSPEL. By Loran David Osborn, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1903. Pp. xxvi—253. Price, \$1.50.

STUDIES ON THE GOSPELS. By Vincent Rose, O.P., Professor in the University of Fribourg. Authorized English by Robert Frazer, D.D., Domestic Prelate of H. H. Pius X. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. Pp. xix—307. Price, \$2.00.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE SOUL. Short Spiritual Messages for the Ecclesiastical Year. By S. L. Emery. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. Pp. xiv—269. Price, \$1.50 net.

SAINTE COLETTE DE CORBIE (1381—1447). Par Alphonse Germain. Paris: Librairie Charles Poussielgue. 15, Rue Cassette, VIe. Pp. x—333.

ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE. By William Humphrey, S.J. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. xvi—438. Price, \$2.50 net.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. By the Author of "Avis Spirituels." From the French by Grace McAuliffe. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. 277. Price, \$0.75.

WHERE BELIEVERS MAY DOUBT, or Studies in Biblical Inspiration and other Problems of Faith. By Vincent J. McNabb, O.P. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. ix—114. Price, \$1.00 net.

THE PRIEST: HIS CHARACTER AND WORK. By James Keatinge, Canon and Administrator of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, and Diocesan Inspector of Schools. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. xvi—323.

DIVINE GRACE. A Series of Instructions arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism. An Aid to Teachers and Preachers. Edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D., D.D., Professor at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. 330—15. Price, \$1.50.

ZEIT UND KIRCHE. Kanzelreden für alle Sonntage des Kirchenjahres. Gehalten in der Pfarrkirche St. Martin zu Freiburg von Pfarrer Heinrich Hansjacob. Mit Approbation des hochw. Herrn Erzbischofs von Freiburg. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. 1903. Zweigniederlassungen in Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo. Pp. xi—339. Preis, \$1.85 net.

HISTORY.

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY. Part II. The Modern Age. By Philip Van Ness Myers, formerly Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of Cincinnati; author of *A History of Greece*; *Rome: Its Rise and Fall*, and a *General History*. Boston, U. S. A., and London: Ginn and Company, Publishers. The Athenæum Press. 1903. Pp. vii—650.

STUDIES IN HISTORY—*Economics and Public Law*. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XIX, Number 1. Josiah Tucker, Economist. A Study in the History of Economics by Walter Ernest Clark, Ph.D. Sometime University Fellow in Economics, Instructor in the College of the City of New York. Pp. 258. *The Administration of Iowa*. A Study in Centralization by Harold Martin Bowman, LL.B., Ph.D., University Fellow in Administrative Law. The Columbia University Press: Macmillan Company, Agents; London: P. S. King & Son. 1903.

LA CRISE SCOLAIRE ET RELIGIEUSE EN FRANCE. Par J. Fontaine, Bruxelles. Oscar Schepens et Cie., Éditeurs, 16 Rue Treurenberg. Paris: Victor Retaux, Éditeur, Rue Bonaparte, 82. 1903. Pp. viii—122.

HISTORY OF IRELAND. From the earliest times to the year 1547. By Rev. E. A. Dalton, C.C. With a Preface by the Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., LL.D., M.R.I.A., Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walkers. 1903. Volume I. Pp. 460.

NAPOLÉON THE FIRST. A Biography by August Fournier. Translated by Margaret Bacon Corwin and Arthur Dart Bissell. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne, Professor of History in Yale University. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1903. Pp. xviii—836.

THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By William Edward Collins, B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, Chairman of the Church Historical Society, Councillor of the Royal Historical Society. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. Pp. xv—166. Price, \$0.90 net.

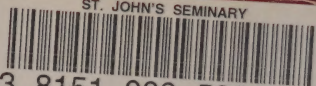
MISTAKES AND MISSTATEMENTS OF MYERS; or, Notes on Myers' "Mediaeval and Modern History." By the Rev. W. E. Randall, Sacred Heart Church, Columbia, Mo. Agents: McKeown Brothers, St. Louis, Mo. 1903. Pp. 350. Price, Paper, \$0.50; cloth, \$0.85.

BELLES-LETTRES.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS. By Cardinal Newman. With Introduction and Notes by Maurice Francis Egan, A.M., LL.D., Professor of English Language and Literature in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. Pp. 69—20.

IDEALS IN PRACTICE. With some account of Women's Work in Poland. By the Countess Zamoyska. Translated from the French, by Lady Margaret Domville. With a Preface by Miss Mallock. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. xiii—126. Price, \$0.75 net.

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